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MR. JINNAH'S VETO

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS will soon be on his way to India to meet her leaders as the ambassador of the British Government. He carries with him its confidence and the goodwill of the whole nation. If any man by his past record and his manifest sincerity can win the trust of the Indian people at this dark crisis in its fortunes and ours, he is that man. His reputation goes before him. Indians know him well enough to understand that they may accept as the literal truth every statement he makes to them. What is even more important, his position in the public life of this island is now so central and secure that Indians may assume that his pledges will be honoured both by the War Cabinet and by Parliament. When he meets Mr. Nehru and Mr. Jinnah they may feel certain that the whole British nation is with him in their room. What he offers, it will honour.

When this is said, we will not attempt to conceal our bitter disappointment. If Mr. Churchill had sent this ambassador to Delhi a year or even a month ago, we should have felt more confidence in his success. The first difficulty he will encounter is that Indians understand, perhaps more clearly than most of us yet do, how precarious our hold now is over our remaining possessions east of Suez. The second difficulty is that they also can read between the lines of Mr. Churchill's statement, and what they find there may not encourage them to reach an agreement among themselves. He has disclosed quite frankly what happened. A statement of the Government's intentions had been drawn up which would, we believe, have satisfied the able group of Indian Liberals which appealed to him, while he was in Washington, to make a fresh start in our dealings with their country. Before it could be published a violent protest from the Moslem League reached Whitehall. One phrase it contained has been disclosed: Mr. Jinnah had the audacity to predict a Mohammedan "revolt." For our own part we refuse to believe that Moslems would, in fact, have done anything of the kind. Mr. Jinnah is as shrewd as he is headstrong, and he must know that though a revolt would certainly contribute to our defeat, the Japanese would not concede independence in anything but the name to the rebels. He can now congratulate himself that his message compelled Mr. Churchill to withhold his statement. He had always refused, even before this performance, to compromise. The chance that he will do so now may be dismissed. If he ever comes to terms, it will be on the basis of his own proposals, which are repugnant to the vast majority of Indians. We do not believe that a single one of the provinces which Mr. Jinnah means to include in his separate Moslem Ulster, "Pakistan," would by a vote of its legislature endorse his scheme. It is not a possible solution or a possible alternative to Federation. All that Mr. Jinnah has achieved is the prolongation of a fatal deadlock. So long as it continues, India will be in a condition of unstable equilibrium, while Japan hammers the shaken structure. The danger now is that any surrender to Mr. Jinnah must throw some of the Hindus into the Japanese camp.

For this deadlock the prime responsibility falls not on Mr. Jinnah, but on the successive Ministers and Viceroys who have handled this delicate problem. One after another each of them said in advance that we would give India her freedom, only if Indians first achieved unanimity in drawing up a constitution. They gave that pledge knowing very well that Mr. Jinnah rejected in principle any settlement on a federal and democratic basis. They armed him with a veto, which he has now used. All that Mr. Churchill has done is to repeat this unlucky pledge in almost identical words. He has even hesitated to make a public offer of an immediate instalment of India's claims. Could he not have proposed to set up at once a National Government to lead Indians in the struggle for their own freedom? Could he not have closed down the India Office, the symbol of a dependent status, and placed Indian affairs provisionally in other hands? His instinct for statesmanship has failed him, and we are left with the slender hope that against all the odds and all the probabilities, the personality of Sir Stafford Cripps may work a miracle.

Job's Messengers

They continue to arrive with their tales of disaster. There, we hope, the parallel breaks down. Job tore his garments and put ashes on his head. We, if we deserve to survive, are girding up our loins and sharpening our swords. What they told us this week was that the Japanese have taken Java, occupied Rangoon and begun to establish themselves in New Guinea. Our troops in Burma, after a series of movements which look on the map amazingly ill-advised, may have fought their way through to Prome, with many losses—or they may not. All they can now do is to join the Chinese in the north and retreat with them over the upper Burma Road. The Japanese might now march on unopposed towards Chittagong in Bengal, were it not for our lucky negligence in building roads along the coast. Meanwhile, it is probable that part of their fleet, with planes and troops, will make for Ceylon. The descent on New Guinea may point to an early intention to invade Australia. Our distress over the fate of Java is deepened by the tale of Japanese atrocities which Mr. Eden has given to the world. What was done at Hong Kong is part of a now established tradition, and it is to be expected that the enemy will repeat this ceremonial of murder and rape wherever he goes. The same deliberate mass-murders, the same public acts of rape were staged in the same way, like the ritual of some satanic religion, at Nanking in 1937. The ruling class and the ruling interests of this country and America looked on at that first rehearsal, betrayed no sign of indignation, and continued to supply the Japanese with oil and steel. For this betrayal of civilisation, our troops, our women and those of our Chinese, Indian and Dutch allies paid at Hong Kong, and it is to be feared in Singapore and Java also. We agree with Mr. Eden that those responsible should suffer. The list is a long one.

Home Notes (*by Our Industrial Correspondent*)

We now at least know that the Ministry of Works and Buildings is to have some planning functions ; for, as a complement to Sir William Jowitt's appointment as successor to Mr. Greenwood as Minister in general charge of reconstruction, Mr. Strauss (the Tory, not the Labour, M.P.) has been assigned to Lord Portal as an additional Under-Secretary in special charge of planning. I hope this means that prompt action is to be taken on the report of the Uthwatt Committee, and that the Ministry will proceed at once to the appointment of the Regional Planning Officers whose advent has been vainly expected for the best part of a year. Then a beginning can be made with the task of surveying the country from the standpoint of post-war planning. But even so the new brooms will not be able to do much sweeping as long as they have no concern with the planning of industry, which remains with the Board of Trade ; or with actual housing, which has been retained by the Ministry of Health. It is said that the Ministry of Works and Buildings is now, from a wartime as well as from a post-war standpoint, going seriously into the questions of pre-fabrication and simplification of building structures, but that, so far, it does not appear that *ersatz* buildings offer much prospect of cheapening production—though they may achieve economies in the use of *skilled* labour. Skilled labour being, owing to faults in the call-up, more plentiful in the building industry just now than heavy unskilled labour, this kind of economy may not be of much present use. But it may become important after the war, especially for institutional buildings ; for there is certain to be an acute shortage of skilled building craftsmen.

* * *

Ships are now the worst bottleneck of all. The American output is prospectively very big indeed ; but it is not ready yet. Our own output is lamentably small, mainly because of the immense success of Shipbuilders' Security, Ltd., during the pre-war decade, in destroying "redundant" shipyards so thoroughly as to make it impossible to bring them back into production except after years of work, if at all. Our actual shipping output is said to be considerably below what could be produced even with our reduced resources. True the Navy and the Ministry of War Transport are rival claimants for the limited resources of shipyard capacity and labour, and it may be that our low rate of merchant construction, in relation to current capacity, is due to the large share taken by the Admiralty for the building of naval vessels. This we cannot know ; but it is astonishing to what an extent the activities of the Admiralty, which controls merchant as well as naval construction, have escaped public scrutiny. Is it not about time somebody had a look to see whether in this solitary garden everything is really lovely ?

* * *

The Mineworkers' Federation is now saying that, if it cannot have in wartime public ownership of the coal mines, please it would like a National Mining Council, with executive powers, representing the owners, the miners, and the State. But is such a body really what is needed ? I can understand that it might increase the miners' influence in the adjustment of labour conditions, and thus help in some measure to increase output. Such a body is no substitute for the real taking over of the mines for the war period, the placing of their owners on fixed compensation incomes, and the transfer of the managers to the salaried service of the State. Given that, it would be possible to prevent such abuses as the working of poor seams in order to hold better ones for post-war profit-making, and to deal with absenteeism, when it is a real problem, and with wage-anomalies, as well as to decide which pits to keep open and which to close for the war period in view of the shortage of workers. Could a representative Mining Council, consisting mainly of miners and mine-owners, possibly be expected to achieve these results ?

* * *

Ernest Bevin's recent pronouncements on man-power have shown a growing consciousness that all is not well. The Ministry of Labour's Training Centres are now short, not of places or equipment, but of persons to train ; for their conditions do not suit the requirements for the main body of women who are now being driven into the new factories. The need is, much more, for short training courses provided in the factories themselves ; but these the great majority even of big employers show no willingness to provide, preferring to put the women straight on to production without any training at all, and then quite often complaining that women's labour is no use. In many factories, foremen are a serious obstacle to the effective use of women's labour ; and so are many managers. There is still a widespread prejudice against women, and this often manifests itself in keeping them hanging about with nothing to do, and then saying they are inefficient. The result is that women are very commonly given no chance of learning to set their own machines, even on light and simple work, though it has been proved over and over again that many of them are fully capable of learning to do this. Over and above all the other frequently mentioned causes of dilatoriness in war production, sheer conservatism must bear a good deal of the blame.

* * *

The small traders are naturally up in arms against the proposals for concentration ; and deputations have been busy interviewing the Board of Trade during the past week. The small traders point to the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of voluntary amalgamation, especially in the absence of any policy of compensation either out of public funds or by means of a general levy on all traders. They insist on the high average age of the shopkeepers who remain, and on the great difficulty of transfer to other occupations. What is to happen to the small trader who lives over his shop and has to pay rent for shop and dwelling combined, if his shop is closed and goes out of use ? What is to happen to the neighbouring consumers he has served if they, in many cases overburdened already, have to go long distances to get supplies ? And what is to happen to the shopkeeper and his family after the war if now his business is handed over to his rival ? For he has much less chance than the "concentrated" small manufacturer of being able to start up again when the war is over. Yet we must scale down shopkeeping to the minimum needed to keep up supplies to the public, or rather so as to secure the maximum release of man-power for other purposes, which is the correct way of looking at the problem. The moral ? May it not be that there should be ruthless concentration of the *big* shops, which are in a much better position to release man-power suitable for alternative uses ?

FIREMEN AND PRODUCTION

(The author of this article is the General Secretary of the Fire Brigades Union.)

For nearly a year the members of the National Fire Service, together with other civil defence workers, have stood at their action stations waiting for a renewal of the "blitz." Their training in new methods of "blitz" fighting, based on last winter's experience, is near completion. Their routine work of maintenance and drills occupies a small proportion of their shifts. To occupy their time they polish already polished brasses, scrub floors already clean, and engage in exercises already perfectly practised. From these able-bodied men and women has come a daily and more urgent demand, submitted to the Fire Brigades Union by individuals and branches that the strength and skill of firemen should be applied to productive work.

The Minister of Home Security has at last announced that workers will be released from Civil Defence in order to engage in such work. The Fire Brigades Union has, therefore, examined the possibilities of firemen and civil defence workers engaging in productive work while maintaining their association with the civil defence services. With the expert advice of employers, production managers, shop stewards, and trade unionists, it has come to the conclusion that productive work can be done in the stations themselves (their concrete floors and head cover make them natural workshops) or at adjacent factories where the men would be on recall should raiding begin again. Mr. Gordon England, of General Aircraft Limited, and chairman of the Engineering Industries Association, has offered to take 200 firemen into his factories as a model scheme for national adoption and has also agreed to "farm out" work to nearby stations. For semi-skilled work, a short period of training would be needed ; unskilled work could begin at once.

In the latter category is included work in the timber trade and wood-working industries which are essential to war production. The Union asked the Timber Trades Federation, and wrote to the *Timber Trades Journal* that firemen might be used either part or full time. The response was immediate and revealing. The Union received offers to engage promptly thousands of men, many of them known to their prospective employers through the nearness of their stations.

The labour of the Fire Service should be put to its most *economical* use. To put firemen into labour squads or indiscriminately to give them fatigue duties such as scavenging or demolition work is obviously wasteful. The Union believes that the intelligent able-bodied man-power of the Fire Service with its 100,000 members can contribute to semi-skilled labour, so vitally needed.

Firemen should not be used as cheap labour. The principle of payment must be that firemen engaged in productive work shall be paid the rate already paid for that work by the other Unions. But no fireman will be able to inflate his earnings by receiving double payment. He will only be paid the difference between his civil defence rate and the trade union "rate for the job."

The men of the Fire Service are ready and eager for productive work. Our own proposals, supported by both industrialists and workers, are also ready. The Ministry of Supply has given its support in principle to our aims which will be stated in detail at 18 Production Conferences to be held throughout the country. The men's employer is the Ministry of Home Security. From the moment the Ministry gives its approval, our men will, in Mr. Morrison's words, "Go to it."

John Horner

ORDER OF THE DAY

To expect unity among the United Nations is to ask too much. To demand that Britain, the U.S.S.R., the U.S.A. and China should have a united strategy and a working agreement about their objectives is only to urge the minimum if we are to avoid defeat. Yet a number of statements from the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. make it clear that even this measure of unity has not been achieved.

American industrial and military preparations are proceeding on a vast scale in readiness for an offensive war timed to begin in 1943 or 1944. It is reported that large convoys, with mechanised units, are now on their way from America to meet the Japanese drive southward. But until the American army and arsenals are complete, the United States can do little for the land war except continue to send a stream of supplies to the armies of Britain, Russia and China. The main effort, Anglo-American strategy has assumed, is still to come, next year or the year after. This conception of the war fits well with the preconception of the rulers of Britain; they began, under the inspiration of Mr. Chamberlain, with the announcement that this was to be at least a four years' war. Germany was to be worn down by the blockade, and later, as German victories stultified that assurance, by the heavy bomber. The invasion of Russia and the strength of Soviet resistance did not change this defensive conception; it merely increased the chances of victory. If the U.S.S.R., aided by large supplies from this country and the United States, could hold out, and drain Germany's man-power, material and oil resources, then the chance of successful blockading, bombing and ultimately invasion from the West was clearly immensely increased.

The first difficulty about this theory of the war is that it is not readily accepted by populations or troops which find prolonged inaction difficult to sustain, fear that we are once again laying ourselves open to defeat "one by one," and hold that our maximum effort should coincide with that of the U.S.S.R. The Red Army, after all, is the only army that is likely to win this war; no one is impressed with the likelihood of a vast British-American invasion succeeding if the Russian Army is defeated or crippled by the loss of its main supply of oil. The second difficulty in this defensive view of the war is that Stalin himself obviously distrusts its honesty and effectiveness. German armies are slaughtering Russians on Russian soil; they occupy some of the Soviet Union's most valuable industrial and agrarian areas; they have wiped out Soviet life over a wide area and murdered thousands of peaceful Soviet citizens. Cheated of victory in 1941, the German armies are preparing an even greater offensive for the spring or early summer of 1942. With this prospect before him, Stalin is not satisfied with the promise of an offensive in 1943 or 1944; he suggests in his "Order of the Day" that more might be done this spring by his Allies; through the mouth of Litvinov, Soviet ambassador in Washington, he asks explicitly for an active diversion in the West. This was not forthcoming when Russia was hard pressed in 1941; Stalin hints that if the Soviet Union is left to do the serious fighting in 1942, and has driven out the invader, America and Britain cannot rely on Moscow to maintain an Eastern front in 1943. Here, then, is the first serious appearance of disunity among the United Nations. Russia cannot wait for 1943, because she means to win in 1942.

Let us examine Stalin's Order of the Day in rather more detail. He specifically mentions, as one of Russia's objectives, that the German armies must be driven from the Baltic States. The assumption that Russia will decide the future of the strategic approaches to the U.S.S.R. when the German armies are withdrawn, is so natural and so in keeping with the usual assumption of the Great Powers that the British public learns with surprise that Britain and the U.S.A. are inclined to haggle on such an issue. It is a hangover from a bygone age, an assumption of world influence that is quite unjustified by facts, that leads to so ludicrous a picture as Britain and America solemnly asserting their right to decide the future of the territory that borders the Soviet Union. Sikorski was more realistic. If Germany wins this war on the Continent, the future of the Baltic States will be decided by Germany. If Germany is defeated, Russian influence will be decisive in the Eastern Baltic. So Stalin thinks. From the fact that his Order of the Day speaks only of liberating Russia and the Baltic States, some argue that he proposes a separate peace; that he is prepared to make peace with the "Hitler clique" once it is off Russian soil. That is a befuddled statement. The Order of the Day is a document of political warfare. On the one hand it is a promise of peace to Germans who refuse to support Hitler. On the other, it is a tactical declaration, not a definitive statement of Russia's intentions in Europe. It contains a warning to Britain and the United States that their "long war" strategy will not do. If the U.S.S.R. is left to fight alone on the Continent she cannot be expected, once Soviet territory is cleared, to continue the battle for the sake of British and American objectives. Nothing could be plainer; nothing could make more clear the suspicions that still trouble Stalin; the lack of strategic agreement between the U.S.S.R., the U.S.A. and Great Britain.

The most emphatic phrases in Stalin's Order of the Day are directed to refuting those who "prattle" about destroying Germany and the German people. That talk, as Stalin knows, precludes all political warfare and can only serve to unite Germans who might otherwise split into factions in the face of failure on the Eastern front. Stalin, curiously enough, wishes to shorten the war. He wants to overthrow the "Hitler clique"—a phrase chosen because it may mean any proportion of the German people whom it is convenient to include. Whatever the immediate results of defeat of one sort or another Germans will rule in Germany; no one else can do so. Even Hitler has to find Frenchmen to rule over France and Norwegians over Norway. Stalin gives warning that he is no fool; he does not intend to fight on after Russia is freed against Germans, united by threats of universal destruction, in order that in the end British and American troops may occupy Germany, again supporting the anti-Communist elements which they succoured in 1919 and once more reviving the very forces that have set fire to Europe. Why should anyone expect Stalin to exhaust Russia so that British and American capitalism may once more lay the foundation for an anti-Soviet Germany? We should not do so? Perhaps not—but that is how it looks to Stalin on the basis of 23 years experience.

Clearly neither strategy nor long-run objective are agreed between the Soviet Union and the Western democracies. This is the most serious aspect of the war. The British public and in particular the British army is clamouring for the "offensive spirit," and a truce upon the defensive strategy on which Mr. Chamberlain and his advisers planned the war. How far a Western diversion is technically possible in view of the shipping difficulties and the vast commitments in Libya and the promised supplies to Russia, we do not know. We can be sure only that the miniature Commando raid in France can be multiplied and magnified many times over. In any case it is fantastic that any divergence of opinion on the subject should exist between Britain and the U.S.S.R. The facts on which decision is based should be before Stalin as they are before Roosevelt. Yet we learn from the *New Republic* that Soviet representatives do not sit on the committees on strategy, shipping and supplies that meet in Washington. It is said that the U.S.S.R. is too suspicious frankly to divulge facts and figures. That may well be—there have been grounds for suspicion which statesmen must remove.

Two conclusions stand out, inescapable. First the political differences about post-war settlement should be ironed out with speed and realism, and every effort should be made, not merely, as now, to "keep Russia informed" about our action or inaction, but to persuade Stalin to understand our position. We need a joint strategy; if the United Nations are not soon united in this basic way we shall soon find ourselves fighting separate wars, with results that can scarcely fail to be disastrous to us, whatever they are to the Soviet Union. Secondly, a realistic overhaul of our political propaganda can surely be made in agreement with the U.S.S.R. Sir Walter Monckton's visit does not seem to have been fruitful. What holds us back? Is it the prejudices or the indecisions of some in power in London and Washington that prevent an appeal to Germany similar to that now made by the Soviet Union? In the Atlantic Charter we have promised liberation; we have urged on those whom we free from Hitler the chance of combining freedom with economic security. But that future, if it means anything and is not just so much pious clap-trap, means that we are ready to aid those in Europe who, with our military aid, rid themselves of the Germans. If Hitler's armies march back defeated from Russia the "Hitler clique," Stalin points out, will be ended. If Hitler's armies march back from the Western States they have occupied, Hitler's regime will not survive. Revolutionary forces wait everywhere to co-operate with our raiding or invading forces, and they will be the inheritors of power when the German armies withdraw. Why, while appealing to these forces, do we not, like Stalin, tell the Germans that our job is to clear Belgium, Holland, France and Norway of German troops, and make it clear that we are prepared, like Stalin, to make peace with a Germany which would in such circumstances inevitably be in a state of revolution? Once that basis and that appeal is made, once that limited and attainable objective is agreed upon jointly between Stalin and ourselves, the details of political propaganda, the large schemes of salvage and human welfare which we hope to organise in conjunction with Russia and the United States, enter the realms of reasonable discussion. But first the strategy and political warfare of Britain and the United States must be co-ordinated and synchronised with those of Russia. Only the United Nations can win this war.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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NO CONFIRMATION

Dense mist on the Channel is lying,
The jungle is murkier still,
In the desert, where dust-storms are flying,
Visibility's said to be nil.
Fog over Whitehall's terrific,
We cannot quite see where we are,
The Japanese claim the Pacific.
There is no confirmation so far.

We have moved to a stronger position,
We have shortened our line for a stand,
We are ready to force a decision
With the whole situation in hand.
Strategic retreat is completed,
Fierce counter-attacks will begin;
The enemy's claims are repeated.
Confirmation has not yet come in.

We are mounting a counter-offensive,
We are holding the enemy back.
He finds it extremely expensive
When he ventures a full-scale attack.
His lines of supply have been pounded,
His time-table clearly upset,
He states that our force is surrounded.
There is no confirmation as yet.

The enemy claims infiltration,
The action as yet is obscure,
Until we receive confirmation
Announcements would be premature.
Discount every Axis assertion,
For ignorance always is bliss;
The Home Front relies on our version.

There is no confirmation of this!

Sagittarius

A LONDON DIARY

Everyone must have noticed that for the first time the "man-in-the-street" is seriously discussing the British Empire. George, who is a clerk in a big wholesale business, owns a small car, and spends his leisure at the cinema, the dog-tracks or playing darts in the saloon bar, is one of those who have been brooding on the matter. Weeks ago, when the Japanese were still only at Kuala Lumpur, we talked about the future of India. George was dubious. "Give them their freedom, and what happens to our money? That's what you have to look at. What happens to our investments if they get free?" Last week I saw him again. Said George: "We'll have to give freedom to the Indians. We'll have to give it to the whole blooming Empire. I don't blame the Empire. Wanted to make our money like everyone else. But the point is, they've rumbled us. They've got wise to us. And what I say is, it's never any use going on with a game like that once you've been rumbled." His chief anxiety now is as to whether the Government is "smart" enough to see, as he does, that "they've seen through the trick, and the quicker we drop it the better."

* * *

How can I explain to the Bishop of Derby, who is, I'm sure, a kindly and excellent man, that he exasperates to the point of revolution and murder? Take this quotation from his letter to the *Times* (March 3rd).

> Those who believe, as I do, that there are children of working-class homes who are capable, given an adequate opportunity, of profiting (with the good will of their parents) by the type of education which the greater public schools have to give, cannot, in a democratic age, wish to exclude them.

Now isn't that just too gracious? In this democratic age he does not "wish to exclude" a really capable working-class boy (whose parents agree) from having the same kind of education that made him a bishop and landed us into this war.

The *spirit* of this passage reminds me of the classic remark in the May report which R. H. Tawney quoted with such effect in *Equality*:—

> Since the children of the working classes are now in many cases receiving as good an education as the children of the middle classes, the time has clearly come to call a halt.

In *form* it recalls a remark attributed to a sermon by the late Canon Streeter, Provost of Queen's:—

> Not even the most devoted son or daughter of that Church, of which—in spite of all its faults—I am still, in some respects, proud to be a member, could claim that it is consistently in the van of progress.

* * *

Forced labour in Kenya, now passed by the Colonial Office, creates an acute moral dilemma for those people who want to conscribe the native races of the Empire in return for a charter of self-government after the war. I discussed it with an honest-minded member of this group. "Do you believe that Kenya natives are needed for war production and not to supply slave labour for employers too bad and farmers too incompetent to attract or pay workers?" "No." "Do you suppose that the Government will offer them—or the natives of Southern Rhodesia, where forced labour threatens also—adequate land, equality of economic opportunity, the abolition of the colour-bar?" "No." "Do you consider it possible that self-government will be offered to the Kenya peoples?" "No."

* * *

I am constantly struck by the difficulty which those "on high" in this war seem to have in acquiring any notion of what the masses of people under their control are thinking about, and what they want. The Ministry of Food, for instance, repeatedly demonstrates to us that the total amount of food really consumed in the luxury restaurants of the West End is very small. Perhaps, in terms of pounds of steak, the Ministry statisticians are right. In terms of morale, of "feel" for the spirit of the people as this grim spring opens, they are certainly all wrong. And the public takes the official defence of the luxury restaurants as a dreary confirmation of its suspicions that "They" who failed to scorch the earth at Penang, "They" who gave Sir Oswald Mosley a cosy flat in Holloway, "They" who sugar the news on the radio, "They" who under-estimated the Red Army—are not looking at the war the way the public wants it looked at and handled. The interference with the export of *Picture Post* to the Middle East, and the refusal to lift the ban on the *Daily Worker* are glaring examples of the same failure to appreciate what such things mean to masses of common people in the Forces and the factories who judge that by these gestures "They" are once again impudently thumbing their noses at "us."

* * *

I am sometimes asked for specific examples of the charge that private interests impede national effort in war as in peace. The *Daily Telegraph* of February 27th provides a neat illustration. It declares:

> British shipowners' view with alarm the competition passenger liners may have to face from air transport after the war. They are now discussing this problem with the Minister of War Transport, Lord Leathers. . . .

Mr. Runciman, after his election as new president of the Chamber of Shipping, explained that

> "hardly any forecast of air transport after this war can be ruled out as too fantastic." . . . Shipowners wanted to know whether civil aviation was to be Government controlled or whether their interests would be protected. "If British airways are to be in competition with British passenger shipping companies, there will be no inducement to build new ships."

Quite so, and the answer is that these are quite obviously not matters of private interest at all.

* * *

How quickly the normal and the strange can change places. The opening shots of the French film *L'Esclave Blanche* show the Orient Express steaming across the Balkans. A woman sitting behind me said: "How funny it looks to see a train going along with light coming out of all the windows."

* * *

We sent too little and too late
To save ourselves, to save the Dutch,
Because, regardless of our fate,
We sold the enemy too much.

Polycritic

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to V. S. Frank.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

SOUTHERN MALAYAN TIN DREDGING
Accounts Disclose Sound Position
Estate in Enemy Hands

—*Times.*

Published a few days ago was a book by Margaret Viviah, *The Doorway*, which is claimed to be the narrative of the experiences in the after-life of a young soldier killed in action in 1899 during the Boer War. . . .

According to "Fred," the soldier in question, you can get your whiskey and soda and smoke your cigarette in "Heaven," or "Summerland," as Fred calls it.

"Occasionally I smoke a cigarette with a newcomer," he says, "merely in order to make him feel at home."—The *Leader*.

Because of the removal of railings Lord Baldwin has had to keep his favourite cow inside a building, otherwise it might stray and get poisoned through eating a poisonous shrub. To let the cow out he will have to apply to the Worcester County Agriculture Committee for permission to replace the railings.—*Manchester Guardian.*

"At the moment the Empire team is batting on a sticky wicket, and the Axis fast bowlers have had some success. Our best bats are still to go in, and the score will in time show that we can give as well as take punishment."

This was the reply of the Dominions Office communications branch to greetings from the Prime Minister's department in Canberra on the inauguration of a new and quicker method of communication between Britain and Australia.—*Sunday Times.*

The recording on a dictaphone of the Cumberland dialect with a view to getting uniformity throughout the county was declared to be one of the objects of the Lakeland Dialect Society, at their meeting at Carlisle on Saturday.—*Manchester Guardian.*

But two questions arise. Are the Japanese super-human? If not, how is their advance to be countered?

The answer to the first question is, No. Philip Jordan's first-hand dispatches from the Rangoon battlefield make this perfectly clear. — *News Chronicle.*

"TRUSTING THE BRAINS"

When Sir Stafford Cripps landed on January 23rd, 1942, Mass-Observation made a small survey of how much interest people took in him and what they thought he should do next. One person in five thought he ought to try and join the Government or Cabinet. Most of the others had no idea and little interest; an appreciable minority had never heard of him. It was not until the second week in February that the ordinary public became aware of him as a potential leader figure. His postscript on Sunday, February 8th, had a sensational effect (sensational to the student of the sluggish public mind); over 15 people said they were enthusiastic for every one who was critical, a higher favourable reaction than that obtained by Winston Churchill at his highest.

Cripps came, the one man unconnected in the public mind with any disaster, carrying an aura of the reflected glory of the Russian people. But his popular impact depended on the broadcast itself, easy, straightforward, homely, an almost Baldwinesque delivery, a relief from the Premier's high oratory. Cripps could never have put himself so instantly in the highest place of public confidence had it not been for radio, and his technical command of the microphone. After talking for a quarter of an hour that Sunday, he had the people of Britain behind him for at least three months.

The wider implications of this event are important. The radio has become the most powerful political weapon in this democracy. If a man is a good broadcaster, he can make himself a national figure overnight, and he has an enormous advantage over others—Attlee, for instance, cannot broadcast for toffee. Churchill gained the supreme public confidence which he has enjoyed for the past two years, largely from the first of his wartime broadcasts while he was still in the Chamberlain Government. Until his latest broadcast, this way of rallying the country has never failed him. The mass of people can now be won by a voice, with little reference to the body or the mind behind it. A new potential for demagogy is with us. Our slowness in realising this is largely due to the great caution of the B.B.C. Were it not for this slowness of psychological (as compared with technical) development in British radio, it would by now be evident that the press has lost the supreme priority of its influence, especially in establishing personalities. With all its limitations, the B.B.C. commands a *serious* attention which most national newspapers, owing to their underestimate of public intelligence, have alas forfeited. According to recent *Fortune* polls, the same thing is happening in America.

These thoughts are provoked by the most provoking thing in radio to-day, the Brains Trust, and particularly by a small book just published, containing a selection of Brains Trust answers (*The Brains Trust Book*, Hutchinson, 1/-). The Brains Trust is a rare piece of B.B.C. enterprise, largely accidental. "Any Questions?" was first broadcast in January, 1941, planned as quite a small affair for the troops, scheduled to run for six weeks on the Forces programme only, for half an hour at a poor listening time, Wednesday afternoon. More than a year later it is still running, has had its time increased to three-quarters of an hour at peak times on Sundays on the Forces Programme and Tuesday evenings on the Home. The programme intended for thousands is a main listening interest in the week for millions. It is one of the things that comes up most frequently in the diaries which people in all walks of life keep for Mass-Observation. Few names occur more frequently in the written words of ordinary people nowadays than Joad. Typical diary comment from a worker in a north eastern chemical factory:

> Home about 12, a short siren soon after and an early lunch. Listened to the Orchestral Concert and the Brains Trust; old Joad very subdued and unlike himself, obviously with a heavy cold, but quite a good session. Listened to Hi Gang, ordinary stuff. And soon after, or so it seemed, to bed.

In nearly five years now of studying people and listening to them, we have not come across anything else which has so much provoked discussion about *ideas*, about things of the mind. People have been made to use, almost shamedly, a forgotten British faculty—the power of non-topical *thought*.

The programmes represent, I think, a fine achievement from the producer end. People don't seem to understand why the Brains Trust, with spontaneous answers, needs a producer. Producer Howard Thomas developed the idea; he with Douglas Cleverdon selects the team, sorts and collects the questions and acts, as he himself puts it, in an "objective" capacity; he may (by signs to the Question Master) change the order of the questions during the session, to keep the balance of interest which he feels is necessary. This is nicely put in the book:

> Perhaps after a long answer on philosophical lines by Professor Joad, the producer will signal the Question Master to bring forward a question about the habits of snakes, which Dr. Huxley can probably answer in half a minute.

Mr. Thomas has an audible genius for radio. He is responsible for the other most personal and provoking programme of the week, Vera Lynn's lusciously sentimental "Letter to the Forces" every Sunday night. This, too, is a programme that started out small, and has become indispensable. The troops can't do without it. Miss Lynn, like Professor Joad, makes unlimited use of the intimate, the informal, and the rambling. Compare either of these programmes with artificial, pseudo-realistic affairs like the recent series on "Catch-Phrases" or the Planning "discussions," formal, acceptable, unstimulating, incapable of producing *new* mental exhilaration.

The Brains Trust was visualised and designed, is still executed, by the *Variety* side of the B.B.C. It is not a Talks programme. The Variety boys start out with the assumption that they have to interest everybody and put their product across. When they hear the word culture they reach for the comedian. Mr. Thomas has not been conditioned in the studious traditions of "beginning and end," shape, carefulness, both sides of the question, a lesson, a hope and a caution, which are now the binding, blinding dogmas of B.B.C. Home Talks. (If you have a short wave set, go over to our Overseas programmes during the night and compare the fresh, informative, vigorous way we put across news and talks to America, or Australia or India—"Radio News-Reel," for instance, is a superb radio job, most of it suitable for use in this country.)

I am not, of course, belittling the vital part played in the Brains Trust by Joad the obscure, Julian the exact and Campbell the "common man." It is around this trinity that radio education has emerged as top line entertainment. New ideas about old ideas reach out in a few minutes to millions who sit passive, pleased or pained. The pill of brain sugared with laughter. This programme, if it becomes formalised, will lose its grip; radio success is so deep and sweeping that it easily produces saturation. But already the Brains Trust have taught teachers a terrific lesson—if they have ears enough to hear the future. There is to-day a vacuum of unfilled interest and hope in this country; none of the traditional formulae seem able to fill it, at present. This vacuum can be filled with hot air or cold. Radio can make empty hearts warm to fools with verbal facility, or to wise men. The success of Cripps is only an amplification of the success of Joad or J. B. Priestley. Such successes have far-reaching implications for the 1940s.

Tom Harrisson

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PAPER SALVAGE

OUTLINE OF A POLICY FOR AGRICULTURE

[In this, the third and concluding article on the future of British agriculture, Sir Daniel Hall discusses the necessity and methods of land nationalisation as a basis for the rehabilitation of British agriculture. Ed. N.S. & N.]

The practicability of a new and invigorated system of agriculture depends upon the reconditioning and the replanning of the land of the country. This has become so generally recognised that within the last ten years the Government has sanctioned considerable expenditure to that end. The organisation of the public bodies controlling the rivers have been reformed; they have been given enlarged powers and grants in aid, amounting roughly to 50 per cent. of the expenditure, in order to improve the water courses and their outfalls. County Councils can initiate smaller schemes, similarly assisted, and even individual landowners can obtain pound for pound grants for field drainage operations. The Land Fertility Act has again provided allowances from the Ministry of Agriculture of half the cost of applications of lime and basic slag to the land. There have been no grants for the reclamation of derelict or waste land, but fine work of this description is being carried out by the War Agricultural Committees, wholly at the cost of the State. No provision is made for the repayment of any of these grants, and it is obvious that all the benefits due to this State expenditure will accrue to the owners of the land and will ultimately find their expression in rent. But even if we agree that this kind of non-returnable State expenditure might be justified by the indirect benefits accruing to the community, its effect in improving the land of the country would remain partial and incomplete. The farmers' advocates maintain that reconditioning would be brought about by giving land owners and tenants access to cheap capital; the lowest rate, for example, at which the State could borrow. The State would thus assume risks which the banks and other financiers refuse; in practice it would take over all the lame ducks of the industry, for the solvent men find no difficulty in obtaining the capital they need from the ordinary money market. Again, all the benefit of this cheap capital would in the end find its way to the landlords in the ability of the tenants to pay enhanced rent.

In any case such provisions do not touch the major problem of the need for more thorough-going schemes which involve more than one farm or more than one estate, particularly the need for replanning the land in generally larger units. There are, for example, possibilities for reclamation of foreshores or inland wastes, each of which may involve a number of owners who can hold up the scheme by excessive claims based upon the possible value of the land after reclamation. The reclaimed area may only be workable if it can be farmed in connection with adjoining properties. In fact unlimited individual ownership can be, and is in practice, a complete barrier to the economic development of British land.

It has been made clear that during the last fifty years landlords in general have been unable or unwilling to find the capital required for the proper maintenance of the land. The one practicable source of capital is the State, and the only means by which the State can secure repayment is by assuming the ownership, as also ownership is the only means of insisting that the work shall be done. The land is the fundamental national asset; it must be in the hands of trustees who will see that it is used in the national interest. Instances abound of the misuse and waste of the land, sometimes for individual profit, sometimes by corporations, not infrequently by a Department of State itself. Everyone seems to regard the land as illimitable, whereas in fact it is more and more needing a jealous guardian. It is idle to plead that landed property is sacred from interference; we have become familiar with the necessity of its compulsory acquisition in the public interest, and recurring wars are teaching us how little is any property inviolable.

None the less there need be no suggestion of confiscation; the land is to be bought by the State, but what must be bought is its present income-earning capacity, not its monopoly value—the power of exacting hypothetical values which the needs of the public will or may confer upon it. The basis should be the assessment for income tax under Schedule A, with every reasonable safeguard to secure equity and legitimate opportunity for the existing owner.* Once bought in this fashion in exchange for Land Stock yielding an equivalent income, the land would pass into the management of a Land Department of which the nucleus exists in the present Commissioners of Crown Lands, already the most extensive owners of agricultural land in the country with the possible exception of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The Commissioners would manage the land through the great firms of land agents as they do their present properties; in the first instance a tenant would only be exchanging a private landlord for a permanent public one.

But as landlords the Commissioners accept farming as it is; the actual contact with their land and farmers is left to the land agents, who themselves act as conventional if careful rent-receivers, carrying out the landlord's obligations to supply the fixed capital of the business and guarding the fabric against dilapidations.

The work of reconditioning and replanning must be entrusted to a new agency, to a technical department working not on ordinary Civil Service lines but on the model of the Forestry Commission. To this agency the Commissioners of Crown Lands would allot a particular area for replanning. After a thorough survey a scheme would be prepared for replanning according to the character of the land and its suitability for definite forms of farming, for large and small farms, including small holdings, for drainage and reclamation, for improvement of the soil itself and its roads, buildings and water supply. Only with the confirmation of this plan would dispossession of existing occupiers begin. Should it be an area that calls for large-scale farming there would be a considerable reduction in the numbers required for management; some of the former farmers would be given increased responsibilities, others would obtain subordinate posts. It need not be feared that there would be any wholesale dislocation in the industry, for the replanning can only begin with a small section of the country. As the planning department gathered experience and tried men on its staff, it would extend the scope of its operations, but it would take years before the whole of the country could be covered.

It is not intended that the State should farm the newly planned undertakings; they would be handed back to the Crown Commissioners to be let to tenants on suitable terms. It might be necessary to retain one or two of the larger farms to act as training centres for managers of the large-scale businesses that are to some extent novel in British farming, and here and there a farm might be required for testing processes or systems of management. The tenancy principle is still the most advantageous system of tenure for dealing with land, the one which gives most scope to the resource and determination of the individual. All that is required is more enlightened oversight from a landlord who is acting as an entrepreneur and perhaps even as a partner in the enterprise, one who can take a long view in the interests both of the tenants and the community.

As suggested above, the replanning department would need to be a technical body staffed with engineers and soil experts, together with a nucleus of men with experience of the organisation of progressive farming and in close touch with the Research organisations. Both in this planning department and in the Land Department there must also be men concerned with the finding and training of tenants, in contact with the Agricultural Colleges and Farm Institutes, and with the farms themselves, in their search for young men who could be given greater responsibilities or selected as tenants. One of the essentials of any plan for better farming is to give opportunity to young men of capacity and to provide prospects of promotion for the fit men among the workers.

In accordance with this principle of retaining tenancy as the form of land tenure it may be hoped that owners of large estates, to which they have a hereditary attachment, will become tenants of them after readjustment and reconditioning, and thus embark upon large-scale farming as a career. No agricultural estate dependent only upon its rents can survive many generations of death duties on the present scale, but like any other great business that is handed on from father to son it can be maintained intact if in each generation the family representatives are earning their incomes as managers and not merely as sleeping partners.

While the scheme thus outlined would provide for the rehabilitation of farming, it would be incomplete if it did not also go hand in hand with a major reform of the distribution and sale of agricultural produce. As this war is amply demonstrating, the problems of agriculture are only a part of the general problem of food supply in a country such as ours, which is only producing about one-third of its consumption, however much that fraction may be increased by better utilisation of the land. The function of Supply Boards, the allocation of purchase between home and overseas purchasers, the method of contracting with our own farmers, the relations between the Ministers of Agriculture and of Food, if both persist, the degree of guidance to be given to the dietary of the community by a relative cheapening of vital commodities, are matters of cardinal importance with which there is here no space to deal.

But to any proper functioning of supply or the adjustment of the dietary of the country the reform of agriculture is a necessary preliminary.

A. Daniel Hall

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* For details I must refer readers to my book *Reconstruction and the Land*. Macmillans, 1941.

ON AUSTERITY

Lord Woolton's recent call for greater austerity has once more raised the question of the limits that should be set to self-indulgence in wartime. And there is no satisfactory answer to this question—What kinds of self-indulgence weaken the energy of men and women in the prosecution of the war? To drink tea, for example, is a form of self-indulgence, but it seems likely that tea-drinking on the scale at present possible is an aid to efficiency rather than a brake on it, both among factory-workers and among the armed forces. Many people just now write to the papers urging compulsory austerity for austerity's sake. Most of them seem particularly anxious to cut out those forms of self-indulgence in which they themselves find no pleasure. Thus there are non-smokers and teetotallers who are strongly in favour of rationing tobacco and beer, and people who always disliked betting think that horse-racing should be suppressed. Men who have all their meals at home advocate the abolition of couponless meals in restaurants—presumably both British Restaurants and restaurants once regarded as luxurious.

The belief in self-denial as an aid to the good life is deeply rooted in human nature and is almost certainly sound. Lenten fasting is based on it, as are the rigours of Puritanism. Without abstinence from pleasures of one kind or another the muscles of the character grow soft, and it is because they recognise this that so many men at the beginning of a new year resolve—half seriously and half frivolously—to lead new lives, the chief characteristic of which is some form of abstinence. Abstinence, they feel, is a source of strength. Who is there who in his youth has not made a hero of a great abstainer? Thoreau, with his contempt for the pleasures of the palate, summoned us at that age to admiration and almost to imitation. Many of us would feel more at our ease spending an evening with Falstaff than with Mahatma Ghandi, but even so we should look on Mahatma Ghandi as the nearer of the two to our conception of a model man. Horace himself, for all his *carpe diem* and his *nunc est bibendum* had Stoical longings. There is a pleasure-despising as well as a pleasure-loving element in every normally constituted man. And there is no one whom we should be slower to recommend to the young as a golden example than a thoroughgoing devotee of pleasure.

Even so, I think we should be chary of interfering with other people's pleasures which we do not ourselves enjoy. No doubt, the world would be a better place if we all voluntarily gave up many of our pleasures and took to plain living and high thinking instead; but I doubt whether the world would be a better place if a non-smoking dictator deprived his fellow-citizens of the pleasure of smoking or if a dictator who hated the theatre deprived his fellow-citizens of the pleasure of theatre-going. Such enforced austerity does not invigorate the character but merely rasps the temper. And, after all, if austerity is a good thing in itself, why should the non-smoker not be called on to prove his contempt for pleasure by smoking bad cigars, however much he detests them? There is no austerity in abstaining from the things we do not like. Most of the people who denounce horse-racing would be bored by a day at Ascot; and those who denounce football-pools would get more pain than pleasure from the weekly loss of sixpence.

Austerity, of course, when it is necessary, is another matter. Most of us nowadays are cheerfully and austerely eating margarine which in more sumptuous days seemed to us almost as repulsive as horseflesh. We austerely (but hungrily) sit down to a stew of bully beef which we would certainly have given a miss in the years that the locust has eaten. Our austerity is shown, again, in our resignation to the lack of those pleasant fish which Nature herself used to put on our tables. If going without things is evidence of austerity, I should say that we must be the most austere generation of residents in this island since the days of woad. Bananas, oranges, eggs—we abstain from them, wholly or almost wholly, with an almost Puritanical indifference. Soon we shall be going without buttons on our sleeves. A correspondent of the *Times*, in a rapture of asceticism, urges that we should also go without ribbons on our hats. Others suggest that we should go without waistcoats, and many of the natives of these islands already go without ties. Both as regards the pleasures of the table and the pleasures of clothes, we are rapidly approaching the horrors of the simple life. Yet few of us care. Necessary austerities of the milder sort are easily borne. I, for one, would gladly go without gloves if this were imposed on me for the public good.

That, I think, is the test to which all compulsory austerity in wartime should be subjected. We can even go without tobacco—at least I think we can—if this can be shown to be a means of hastening victory in the war. I myself would rather—at least, I think I would—go without my meat ration. I would certainly rather go without my cheese ration, my jam ration, and my spam ration: but I should not be altogether sorry to have at last a rational excuse for giving up smoking. No one has yet gone so far as to suggest that the sale of tobacco should be entirely forbidden; but the proposal to ration it is the half-way house to this, and I am not sure that I would not prefer not smoking at all to living on an exiguous dole of the cigarettes one gets in wartime. If I object to interference with the smoking habits of the nation, then, it is not on personal grounds, but because I suspect that it would do more harm than good. Smoking has only one virtue: it makes for relaxation; and I doubt whether the moral of men and women would remain so high in these tense days if such an easy relaxation were denied to them. Tobacco, once a luxury, has become all but a necessary of civilised life; and both in the Forces and in the factories human beings seem to be none the less efficient for an occasional indulgence in it.

The defence of sport is not so simple. Critics say that the presence of great crowds at boxing matches, football matches, and horse races is evidence that the nation is not yet taking the war seriously and encourages them to continue not to take it seriously. They argue that no nation consciously fighting for its life would have energy to spare for the excitements of racing and football. I am inclined to doubt this. If it is true that the popularity of these sports is a proof of indifference to the seriousness of the times, what about all the other entertainments which cheer people up momentarily even when the fate of the human race is in the balance? If entertainment is a weakener of moral, then it would be only logical to close, not only racecourses, but theatres and cinemas, and to forbid the B.B.C. to broadcast anything but talks and news bulletins. I agree that it sometimes sounds incongruous to hear the wireless news of a disaster that will be remembered through the ages prefaced, say, by the jocularities of Tommy Handley in *It's That Man Again*; and I sometimes wonder whether comedy should not be separated from tragedy by at least five minutes. Yet I doubt whether Englishmen would become more single-mindedly serious or more Churchillian in their resolution if all light entertainment were cut out of the B.B.C. programmes. Does solving a crossword puzzle weaken the will? Or reading a novel? Or talking about food or foreign travel in the days of peace? Or listening to a Mozart opera? The truth is that, whereas the most important thing in life is to concentrate on the things that matter, ordinary human beings also need distractions, which are as refreshing to them as sleep. Austerity is a heroic quality, but there must be holidays from austerity. An occasional cup of coffee, for instance. Or a joke. Or a game of football. We have the authority of that austere writer, Milton, for this.

Y. Y.

THE MOVIES

"All That Money Can Buy," at the Regal.

All That Money Can Buy is a brilliant failure. On the plus side there is the influence of *Kane*, expressed in a tense and lovely photography, heightened realism, moments of drama when the lights and shadows flow into poetry and every close-up seems justified; for such qualities everyone who is more than a screen-gazer will be profoundly grateful. On the minus side there is the bad influence of *Kane*—bits of imitation and pointless violence, mostly from the sound-track—and the attempt to mix genres. William Dieterle, producing and directing, has taken a story by Stephen Vincent Benet about a young farmer fallen on hard times who sells his soul to the Devil, makes money, shatters his marriage and goes to the bad until the pact is dissolved. The Devil in New Hampshire, it appears, is a rather sardonic neighbour with gold to chuck about and private habits of conjuring; when he has finished with one victim he chews carrots and looks for another. This is the sort of thing that Mr. T. F. Powys, with an enamelled simplicity, can sometimes bring off in prose, and for all I know Mr. Benet may be a dab at it, too. But it is not an easy trick for the screen; especially not when fantasy is mixed with psychological drama, as it is in Dieterle's film. Mr. Scratch (the familiar Devil) draws a ripple of whimsy across a story which, as shown to the eye, is naturally tense, realistic and a little horrifying. We must feel—we *do* often feel, in the film—manias and obsessions breaking on quiet lives; and it is too long a step from this to jaunty fables about the Devil. The curious thing is that *All That Money Can Buy* contains, without any need of quirking, its own line of Kafka-like fantasy. The interior lighting, the long dark avenues of poplars, the mad little miser in his office (John Qualen), the gambling party that whisks away as the women come back from church, the brilliant and eerie scene of the ballroom where dancers sag as we look at them and a thin moan takes the place of music and talk, are achievements of a rare order. Characteristically, the long ballroom sequence is spoilt at the end by the appearance of the Devil in a puff of smoke; and that seems to me true of the whole film. *All That Money Can Buy* isn't a winner; some of its faults, indeed, strike me as deadly. Tastes in fantasy, however, are so individual that everyone should certainly go and see the film for himself. I can promise first-rate acting (in the new tradition of *Citizen Kane* and *The Little Foxes*), sweets for the eye and moments of imaginative excitement.

William Whitebait

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Doctor's Dilemma," at the Haymarket

Mr. Shaw had an idea, not a figure from a public opinion survey—about the selling value of plays and books about the medical profession. Because he had an idea about doctors who were perforce partly humbugs, about a sick artist who was a humbug about everything else except art, about a woman who was invincible because she was not a humbug at all, he wrote a play that is scarcely less exciting in 1942 than it was thirty years ago. "Everything's in that play," a doctor remarked this week. Everything? Well, the whole argument, he meant, about the doctor's real dilemma, which lies in the patient's preferences for being bamboozled, his demand not for science, but for faith and necromancy; everything about why we live in an age which pays immense sums for society doctors and patent medicines, and small sums in comparison for preventive medicine which would do the private doctor out of a job. Of the doctors, Blenkinsop, the poor man's doctor, as poor as himself, is the only one at all out of date. The Socialist idea of panel patients has given him self-respect in our day. Blenkinsop is played by George Relph with a subtlety and intelligence that cannot be over-praised. Sir Patrick Cullen, the old-fashioned no-nonsense Scottish physician, who wins confidence by commonsense, is also still with us; Morland Graham gets this part to perfection. Rigson, the genuine man of science, harassed and aware that very hard work by a highly trained team and special laboratory may really discover something—he is still with us, and so on. Mr. Arthur Walpole, who is always ready to take out our appendix for a hundred guineas or so, and Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington, whose murder of society patients is disguised by his bedside manner and his high connections. (Sir Ralph is not played as we imagine him: he should be small, for one thing!) The discussion of Jewish and Christian characters introduced by Dr. Schertzmaster has been brought far more up to date; before the last war it was just a discussion like any other. To-day it has an emotional tone that would never be felt in, say, a comparison of British and French characteristics. The newspaper man cannot be helped; perhaps this peculiar type of idiot was common thirty years ago; to-day reporters are often infuriating, but they are also hard-boiled and competent. Mr. Cyril Cusack's Dubedat lacks, if anything, the overwhelming charm he should have, but he rises superbly to the opportunity of the death scene. As for Vivien Leigh, as Jennifer, she is lovely and satisfying. She ought to tell the producer, who has otherwise done well, to change the colour scheme at the end of the death scene; her splendid robe clashes with the cardinal in the chair, and she should come in against a dark background. But she not only looks lovely; she also acts with great intelligence.

Walter Goehr and L.S.O. Concert, Wigmore Hall, Mar. 7.

A concert containing the *Four Fantasies* of Orlando Gibbons, Brahms's youthful *Serenade in A*, the Overture to the Second Part of Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*, and Michael Tippett's new *Fantasia on a Theme by Handel* for Piano and Orchestra, was clearly designed to be a lesson in the meanings of tonality; and to listen to it in this light was to get the maximum of enjoyment from an experience made rare, in the first instance, by some outstandingly fine conducting. Nothing less could have done justice to the magnificence, at once startling and profound, of the Gibbons Fantasies—music calculated to remind us that there was one glorious moment when poetry was not the only art in which England led Europe. With the Continent dominated by Nazi "culture" such a moment may recur, and if it does Mr. Tippett will be found to have contributed something considerable to the renascence. His Fantasia is the real thing; it marks a distinct advance on the Piano Sonata—remarkable as that was. A striking and original composition, on the tips of its toes from beginning to end, it contains, as well as a long cantabile variation of seductive beauty, some successful experiments in double tonality which look feckless enough on paper but are very surprising to listen to. One recognises with pleasure and interest Mr. Tippett's idiomatic connection with Berlioz and, still more perhaps, with Gibbons. The faults of the work seemed to be, first, that the theme, once stated, was immediately lost sight of and so gave the wrong kind of surprise when it turned up again at the end; and, secondly, that the harmony occasionally sounded disagreeably angular and unsupported. This last fault could easily be remedied by a little judicious rewriting.

It seems rather eccentric to revive so bourgeois and flat-footed a work as the Brahms Serenade. An inexcusable bore, damned from the outset by its lumpish orchestration alone, it was, however, like Lewis Carroll's dormouse, effectively crammed into the teapot by Gibbons on one side and Berlioz (with Mr. Tippett ably assisting) on the other. Berlioz, by a deliberate archaism of style here exhibited the transition to harmony founded on equal temperament and the specious freedom of its later developments—a freedom exploited, at the end of the concert, by the delicious cleverness and Viennese charm—as beautifully false as a "lifted" face—of Strauss' *Bourgeois Gentilhomme.*

"The Duchess of Malfi," at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge.

The Duchess of Malfi, as produced by the Marlowe Society, left one dumbfounded: Webster's imagination had transported us to a world so dazzling in its *chiaroscuro* that, like a Jacobean audience, we accepted everything. And, as one perceives afterwards, there is a lot to accept. It is hard to understand how a dramatist who had seen Shakespeare's plays could have learnt so little from them, remained so careless of probability, so primitive in technique. The producer emphasised the incest-motive—rightly, since otherwise Ferdinand's actions must now seem too purposeless. How far Webster intended this reading is obscure, but the text lends itself to it so easily that the result is convincing and right. The actors invariably emphasised the right word—which never occurs in professional performances, and some of them also showed dramatic power. The Bosola, underacting a little, gave a specially thoughtful and accomplished performance; the Cardinal, Cariola, Antonio and Pescara were also outstanding, and the whole cast did well. Ferdinand, it seemed, had been given all the best lines, till one realised it was the actor who was making the best use of them. His speech and movements had all the terrifying intensity intended by Webster. We saw a werewolf, and heard the whole beauty of verse. The producer and the designer combined to make the scene of the madmen immensely effective. It is a pity that London audiences cannot be treated to this production, for the effect was staggering.

Correspondence

CHINA TEA

Sir,—In your March 8th issue, 1940, there is an article entitled "Tea Leaves." Because I am Chinese, a citizen of a tea-producing country, I am much interested in reading the same. My curiosity is greatly roused in learning that used tea leaves can be boiled over, or rather made over, which process makes the used leaves just as good as the original. I feel rather sceptical over the suggestion, and I wonder whether the very person who makes the suggestion has ever tried the process and found satisfaction. To my mind, he must be a person who never drinks tea, or he has never had a taste of a cup of good tea, or he is just making the suggestion merely from an economical point of view.

China is a tea country. Using boiled over leaves is a thing unheard of in this country. In fact, the proper Chinese way of making tea is to pour boiling water over the leaves, either red or green. Certainly it is unthinkable to cook the tea, though it is the general practice of the western countries. When tea is boiled both the flavour and the taste are different or rather entirely lost. Boiled tea tastes as if the tea has been left over from the preceding day. The freshness is gone in total. No Chinese likes to drink tea when the taste and the flavour are void.

As it has been said above, our way of making tea is to pour boiling water over tea leaves in a cup or in a tea-pot. The best grade is never made in a tea-pot, a cup with a cover is always used. When the boiling water is poured in, it is best to keep on the cover for a few minutes before starting drinking. Until the first cup is finished more boiling water can be added. The best grade is served only for two cups. Hence only the very rich can afford to drink the best grade. Its flavour does not last long, because the leaves are too tender.

The best grade is called "Yu Chien," meaning before the rainfall, the first rainfall of the spring, when the leaves are young and delicate. For daily use, those picked after the first rainfall, when they are older and larger, are the best and most economical. They give the same taste and flavour as "Yu Chien" except not looking so fine and pretty when they are made in a cup. Generally a tea-pot is used. However, the delicious taste lasts much longer and hence it is economical for daily use, only it is not courteous to offer guests.

New tea leaves always taste better and fresher than the leaves picked the preceding year. We Chinese specially treasure the leaves newly picked. They give a delicious and refreshing taste which is absent from the old leaves. Even the mere look at the fine tender leaves helps to quench your thirst and makes one feel refreshing.

Soft water makes better tea than hard water. Water from a spring is the most ideal water to make tea, especially the green tea. Without spring water, rain water or water from a lake or a river, provided it is clean and drinkable, serves just as well. Hard water or well water never makes good tea. Water from a well makes any kind of tea look oily and kills the flavour of even the best grade of tea. With soft water and superior grade of tea leaves one can never fail to get a cup of good tea, which renders a fresh and delicate taste. When tea loses its freshness, it tastes worse than a glass of pure water. Hence, I shall have little faith in using the boiled over leaves.

Following is a little song concerning the drinking of tea:—

A cup of tea in the morning, clears your mind and
rouses your spirit;
A cup of tea after dinner, cleanses your mouth
and renders your digestion good;
A cup of tea after office, drives your worries away
and starts your mind to joy;
A cup of tea before bed, quiets your nerves and
gives you dreams sweet.

This little song presents you with an idea of our people's attitude toward tea drinking.

Recently it was reported that the Research Room of the Fuh Tan National University has successfully extracted from the used tea leaves the essence of tea, which can take the place of the spirit of coffee in the mixture of some of the western medicine. As coffee is an imported stuff and has gone ridiculously high in price since the Sino-Japanese War, and now with the outbreak of the Pacific war the means of importing more coffee in becomes more difficult, this new discovery is most fortunate and most important to our medical men and their patients as well. The said institution has planted several thousands of tea trees for further experiments. Some other new discoveries may be in store. It may be in the years to come that tea can serve for many other purposes besides as a leisure drink. That used tea leaves have been proved to be an essential in medicine is certainly not a small surprise.

What I have written in the above may be interesting to some of your readers who have formed a habit of tea drinking or who like to know better ways of making tea.

The Central Trust of China, (Mrs.) T. L. Wang
Chungking.

THE SILENT REVOLUTION

Sir,—Your dissatisfactions and those of your correspondents, whether within the House of Commons or outside among the great majority, agree with my daily experience of folk.

"Nothing to choose between them" is now the verdict upon the leaders of the political parties who are "running this show." In the peculiarly favorable setting for frank confidences which is accorded me in my job I seldom hear an echo of the news of the day ("My husband turns it off"). I seldom meet an avowed member of an existing political party. But I repeatedly hear of the need of a new lot "to look after *us*"—a People's Party that will put the welfare of the British *People* first and recognise it as coincident with the welfare of "the other fellow." Ideology-free, determined upon super-national equity of peoples—the greatest good of the greatest number and a minimum standard for all—offering not appeasement (grudging term) but friendship with all classes and peoples who will join us in building the New World Order—the Greater Commonwealth of Man through a new League of Peoples—these are the slogans we require of our new leaders. These at least are the sentiments I hear when I go on a night visit, while the aggressive blare of the ungenerous few against the wicked few is passing over the heads of the generous, friendly and exasperated many—that Great Majority of to-morrow.

Panel Practitioner

CONSCRIPTION IN KENYA

Sir,—There is all the difference in the world between conscription in Europe and in Africa. The European worker lives on wages. He uses about half of them to feed himself and his family. The African worker lives on what he and his family grow on his ancestral small holding of two to five acres. To do all the work a small holding demands he spends, according to the official Kenya estimate, in fact must spend, three-fifths of the year at home. If he did not, he and his family would starve. Earning wages is in his eyes a novelty that interrupts normal life, that is made necessary by his having to pay his Government 24s. to 30s. a year, out of wages averaging 2s. 6d. a week. The 208,000 in civil, and the 47,000 in military employment, out of the total labour force of 550,000 (figures you properly quote from official reports) are the most who can at any one time be spared from the task of growing the food supply of 97 per cent. of the population. In such conditions conscription must take men away from the most vital of all occupations, since it will not be applied to men at work for wages.

Before the Colonial Office consents to this measure it should ask the Kenya Government two questions. Why, when the East African campaign is long since over and done with, are even those 47,000 needed for military service? And why has there been no transfer of men, such as there has been in other countries, from work that is needed neither by the civil population nor for the war effort? An Ordinance is on the Kenya Statute Book enabling the Government to fix minimum wage rates. It has never once been applied. Most of those 208,000 are paid 4d. to 6d. a day, and many thousands of them are doing work that ought not to be done at all in war time. If the Government made 8d. a day the minimum wage it could get all the men it wants without conscription.

When the war broke out the only three indigenous societies in Kenya were suppressed by the Governor; on evidence that they were conspiring with Germans and Italians. Their office-bearers and committees were and still are "deported." Most of us will agree that sedition is a grave crime, in war time as grave as murder. But whose is the guilt of that crime when these poor fools seek from foreign powers, of whom they know nothing, rescue from the oppression they have long borne from their own Government? Since our ears are stopped, to whom else could they have turned?

Norman Leys

FREE AUSTRIA

Sir,—Speaking on behalf of quite a good number of Austrian Socialists who recently gathered in the League of Austrian Socialists, I refer to F. Scheu's letter in your issue of February 7, concerning the future of Austria and the position of the Austrian Socialists in this country.

Mr. Scheu deals with the different possibilities of post-war development of Austria, but he does not care to state the attitude of his group towards the political tasks of to-day.

The issue of Austria's self-dependence or inclusion into Germany or another regional bloc as well as the form of her government must not be decided upon by refugees, whichever political opinion they may have, but rests entirely with the Austrian people as a whole. After their liberation from foreign Fascist rule and after having regained their independence the Austrian people will build up their future in accordance with their own free will. We Socialists trust the Austrian people will make good use of their chance of self-determination which is to be restored to them as to the other oppressed nations as laid down in the Atlantic Charter.

Austria's self-determination, however, cannot be achieved but by the overthrow of Hitler-Fascism. Inside Austria active resistance against the Hitler regime is growing daily, and all classes of the Austrian people are taking part in it, without excluding anyone on grounds of previous political opinions, provided he proves to act as a genuine anti-Nazi.

Why should there be any difference between the position among the Austrians in their native country and that among the Austrian refugees living abroad? There can be no doubt that we Austrians in Great Britain have to do what ever is in our power to speed up the Allies' victory. For this purpose unity of all Austrians who are opposed to the Hitler-regime is necessary, not regarding the differences of political creeds among the refugees which, of course, are not to be suspended while to be subordinated to the immediate major aim of destroying Hitler-Fascism. This policy has been adopted by the Socialists of the Allied countries (French, Belgian, Norwegian, Czech, including Sudeten-German, Polish Socialists) who do not hesitate to give full support to a nation-wide anti-Nazi movement.

We consider this the only policy to be followed by Socialists and we believe that those who still remain in their isolationist attitude are disregarding Socialist principles. MARIE KOESTLER
(former Austrian M.P.)

RELIGION IN THE SERVICES

SIR,—Let the Services "Keep ahold of Nurse, For fear of finding something worse."

Some religious, or, as the Plymouth Youth Committee put it, idealist impetus is essential. Compared with the Nazi brand of harangues and Hitler worship, the monthly compulsory parade provides advantages. (1) Contact with the chief local community life which embraces all classes, sexes and ages. It is this community which lends its people and premises for dances, socials, canteen rotas, etc., and which is thrilled to see the men fill the church occasionally. (2) The idealism is broader than imperialism and lifts the mind from the present. (3) Everybody can grumble at everything connected with it; yet no punishments follow and no one is one penny the worse. (The community is possibly one penny the better.)

An occasional compulsory parade out of the many "voluntary" services hardly deserves the name of compulsion and we love to see the men with us. Send me packing and I fear a wicked Uncle may take my place. Your affectionate
AUNT SALLY

SIR,—The London Letter reference to the recent incident at an R.A.F. Training Unit interested me greatly for the simple reason that I was aware of this occurrence and am happy to think it has been ventilated in the press. Nevertheless, I am not at all sure that your correspondent's comments upon compulsion to worship a God in whom one does not believe meet the point. I happen to know something of the questions being asked in this camp and I think I am correct in saying they are not so much theological as practical. The question these men are asking is: "Can a man be compelled to do any more than attend a Church Parade and does this compulsion include attendance at the Church Service? If this is so, then these men have all along misunderstood the nature of the orders pertaining to Church Parades. The fact that the padre was able to have the initial sentence reduced has aroused their suspicions that their interpretation is the correct one and that the ancient game of "face-saving" had something to do with this piece of what they feel to be injustice. "WONDERING"

DOCUMENTARIES

SIR,—Paul Rotha states in your last issue that John Grierson was responsible for the birth of British documentary. That, of course, is true. It was Grierson's drive and initiative that obtained the formation and sponsoring of the Empire Marketing Board Film Unit, from which eventually so many offshoots have sprung. But I, as a film worker with both men, would like to say that I am convinced that it was the introduction of Cavalcanti's professional skill and incredible film sense that raised the standard and reputation of British documentary to the pitch where to-day it has become a considerable influence on the cinema as a whole. Surely it is fairest to allow the films to speak for themselves? What British documentaries are remembered to-day? William Whitebait answers this. It is those made by the G.P.O. Film Unit under Cavalcanti's production, or the Crown Film Unit, where Jack Holmes, Pat Jackson, and I amongst others have merely attempted to carry on his tradition. HARRY WATT

NURSING NONSENSE

SIR,—I was interested to read "Nurse's" letter in last week's issue of your journal, but your correspondent is apparently misinformed.

The suggested grading scheme, I understand, ensures that nurses unable to pass the State examination are allowed to take a modified course, enabling them to attain the standard necessary for the routine nursing of the incurable sick in our chronic institutions.

I am afraid I cannot share the reluctance to a previous education up to the Matriculation Standard. Surely, such a highly skilled profession should require and enforce such a standard from its candidates. However, the opportunities to acquire this standard, or its equivalent, should be available to every schoolchild, and it is here that the reorganisation should begin.

As the present system of education offers such unequal opportunities many excellent women would be debarred from entering the nursing profession if a system of grading such as "Nurse" describes were enforced now, and it is certainly not the aim of the Royal College of Nursing to inaugurate any such drastic measures in the present circumstances.

The other points are of a purely personal nature and have no direct bearing on this subject, but I should like to mention the supposed preference given to voluntary hospital trained nurses. We must remember that the voluntary hospitals can show centuries of excellent work in their favour, whereas the stigma of the old Public institutions has not entirely disappeared from the County Council hospitals, many of which have been built on the old institution sites. This in itself is sufficient reason for the general opinion to be in favour of the voluntary-trained nurse, but the suggestion that one so trained is given preference is entirely without foundation and insupportable.
PROBATIONER NURSE,
Municipal Hospital

LORD ELTON OR THE INTELLECT

SIR,—In his review of Lord Elton's new book Mr. Mortimer writes: "With similar recklessness he talks of 'the once conspicuously bellicose *littérateurs* of the Left who sought asylum in the United States after the outbreak of the European War for which they had clamoured. Of whom can he be thinking?'"

I fear Mr. Mortimer cannot have read the book very attentively, for the context, with its references to Spain and China, makes it clear that Lord Elton is referring to Messrs. Auden and Isherwood. Perhaps they are friends of Mr. Mortimer's and he prefers to forget their conduct. A. MORRISON

[Mr. Mortimer writes: "Mr Morrison must be mistaken. Messrs Auden and Isherwood (to my regret) went to the United States on the quota before the war, and were well on their way to become American citizens when the war began. To suggest that they fled during the war would be a calumny to which Lord Elton would never lend his authority."
—ED., "*N.S. & N.*"]

CHICKEN-FED GREY-HOUNDS

SIR,—Your sweeping reference to "ludicrous waste" in greyhound racing is misleading. Actually there is no case for abolishing greyhound racing. To imply that greyhounds are to-day fed upon brandy, new laid eggs and breast of chicken is absurd. They eat less when in training, and, apart from bread and fish-heads, all their food is unfit for human consumption.

The proportion of other breeds and mongrels to racing greyhounds is perhaps a thousand to one. There may be a case for exterminating the whole canine population, but there can be no case for abolishing one-tenth per cent. of that population.

It is quite unfair to use the argument of waste against racing, while cinemas, dance halls, theatres and concerts continue to use an enormous aggregate of capital, labour, power and fuel. Why pick on greyhound racing or boxing? Why not be consistent, and abolish all entertainment? L. RIGGALL

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE of the advantages of armchair travelling was said to be that you travelled without tears and discomfort, but to-day the day-dream journeys of the armchair are, in their own way, as irksome and wretched as real travel itself very often is. In real travel the chief enemy is the sudden nausea and repugnance that grip us; we call for anything that will shut the perfervid alien thing from our eyes and nerves. In imaginary travel, at present, the agonies are mental. Stirred by the news, we pick up, say, books on Malaya in order belatedly to acquire information, and at once guilt, regret, bewilderment and despair whisper to us. Apathy is one of the curses of empire. If we believe that our nation had and still has something valuable to give to the peoples it has exploited, then we must start by recapturing some of the far from careless rapture of the early days of discovery, settlement and research. I have been reading this week some of the nineteenth-century naturalists, especially A. R. Wallace, who wrote on the Malayan archipelago, and it has struck me, first of all, how much we have taken spiritually from these regions without putting back very much of the same order; and, secondly, that the modern literature of travel has suffered enormously and significantly by the detachment which comes from travelling primarily to please our senses. Even those who, like Mr. Aldous Huxley in *Jesting Pilate*, travelled to displease our senses, rubbing us up the wrong way with the idea, for example, that the plantations of Malay are to be pictured as rows of motor tyres, hot-water bottles and contraceptives, had the same detachment. This has since been sublimated into non-attachment, and both phases leave us bruised and apathetic. I do not forget that the anthropologists have gone on from A. R. Wallace's orang-utan to human society. That is to the good. But again, chiefly for our good. It has not yet occurred to the anthropologist that the Singapore British, the Dutch in Java, and so on, were really part of the scene and subject. And if in the future the European traveller is able to go to those regions again and aims to have a zest, a will and a serious curiosity comparable to Wallace's, he will have to go not as a *voyeur*, but as an historian, a sociologist, even perhaps a political missionary. The romanticism of Conrad in Malaya, and of Lawrence in Arabia—Miss Freya Stark's neat, exquisite anxiety, too—and the dilettantism which have followed are exhausted emotional veins. They read like a rhetoric that has lost its terms of reference.

Let us get our first twinge from the Wallace armchair. The region the Japanese have all but mastered in the Pacific in the last few weeks is more than 4,000 miles in length from east to west, and about 1,300 miles in depth from north to south. That gives us a measure of the quick returns of the aggressive idea in modern war. A continent vanishes in a couple of months. It would stretch, Wallace says, from the extreme west of Europe into Central Asia. Three of the large islands are larger than Great Britain—the British Isles are easily swallowed by Borneo, and Java is the size of Ireland—and even if you reckon by land area alone, the land of the archipelago and the islands would cover Western Europe from Hungary to Spain. It was Wallace's discovery that the natural richness and variety of this region was due in part to the fact that it was not homogeneous. It was split in two—geologically and ethnographically; the deep sea islands and the shallow sea islands divided by what is still called, I suppose, the Wallace line, in other words, into the Malayan and Papuan or Australian groups. The region was further modified by the breaks in the volcanic chain which curves through the islands, filling Java, for example, with active volcanoes—there are 45 of them, a higher proportion than any other similar extent of country—and leaving Borneo immune. For me, and I believe for the majority of English readers, these facts have the shock of unexpected information: "We just did not realise . . ." but the real shock in Wallace is more sinister and sardonic. Find the island of Ternate which lies between the tip of Celebes and Papua and hangs from the tail of the Philippines. Now follow the equator line westward across the sea to Borneo and to the city of Sarawak. It was in these two places, during his eight years in the archipelago, that Wallace wrote the two essays which brought Darwin's procrastinations to an end and which proclaimed with him the idea of the survival of the fittest. Under the present too ironical circumstances, the birthplace of this idea is the last one would care to see fall into enemy hands. It looks as though the giraffes with the longest necks, the country with the longest reach in the air, get the spoils of survival. And this in what is almost the holy land of modern science. Are we to see a revival of the crusades?

To the reader who is not a naturalist Wallace, like Forbes and Amazon Bates, might seem to be a dry proposition; some of his science must be out of date, the cataloguing of species has since ceased to be our interest, and the stuffed birds of innumerable museums up and down the country give to the lay reader the sort of depression that comes over us in a hat shop. The Victorian passion for plumage—one of the minor effects, I suppose, of Darwinism—looks a bit grotesque. By the '80s the naturalists so corrupted the native population that the children would come up to you with a common, drooping flower, crying "50 cents. Very rare, never seen before." This was the period of the exploitation of the Bird of Paradise, and readers who are engrossed in Wallace's description of the species should remember that hardly ten years had gone by before the birds were being shipped by the thousand to Europe. Three thousand skins would arrive on a single boat from New Guinea. Waterton, the South American eccentric and Catholic naturalist, teased the serious naturalists by faking species, sewing the skins of birds and bats together; he even concocted a comic figure to represent the missing link. He had quite a collection, caricaturing figures of the Protestant succession which was his private bugbear.

However, there is nothing stuffed or stuffy about Wallace, Bates or the lesser figure of Forbes. Wallace's *Malay Archipelago* is the work of an original, powerful and diverse mind, and of a vital character. He is a clear-headed, clear-eyed writer, one whose eyes are ever active and whose intelligence is limpid and orderly. Nothing could be easier than his prose. He conveys all the time the illusion of a gay informal interest. Take him on the Durian fruit, for example:

> The outer rind is so thick and tough that from whatever height it may fall it is never broken. From the base to the apex five very faint lines may be traced, over which the spines arch a little; these are the sutures of the carpels and show where the fruit may be divided by a heavy knife and a strong hand. The five cells are satiny white within, and are each filled with an oval mass of cream-coloured pulp, imbedded in which are two or three seeds about the size of chestnuts. This pulp is the eatable part, and its consistence and flavour are indescribable. A rich butter-like custard highly flavoured with almonds gives the best general idea of it, but intermingled with it come wafts of flavour that call to mind cream cheese, onion sauce, brown sherry and other incongruities.

The Durian sounds to-day like the perfect emergency ration. Unhappily, "the more you eat of it the less you feel inclined to stop."

Wallace anticipated Aldous Huxley's suggestion that English poets and moralists make the mistake of drawing general conclusions from a very partial view of nature. The animal and vegetable worlds, he pointed out, were not organised with exclusive reference to the convenience and use of man.

That was a dig at Victorian theology to which Wallace did not subscribe. He wrote a book which I intend to read when I have time entitled *Man's Place in Society*. These works and his autobiography show the range of his mind. He was a sort of Socialist, and he wrote earnestly for the nationalisation of the land. At the end of his years in Malaya he came back, as Bates did from the Amazon, with indignant views on industrial civilisation. Comparing the English with the Malayan scene, he said: "We should now clearly recognise the fact that the wealth and knowledge and culture of the *few* do not constitute civilisation." He believed that moral deterioration had accompanied our material advance and looked with nostalgia on the communal life of the better class of savages, who he thought were, "as a community, superior to ourselves."

We admire Wallace; for H. W. Bates we feel affection as well as admiration. This shy young man, with the poor stomach and the intent mistrustful bird-like eyes, who had started life by working 13 hours a day in a Leicester stocking factory and who was to weep as he said farewell to the Amazon, where for eleven years he had slowly ruined his health, felt all Wallace's hostility of civilisation. Bates had suffered from the dullness, boredom and apathy of industrial life. But—and it is why we like him—he recanted. After all, civilisation was really better! There is something heroic about Bates. He was ill half the time, he was lonely, depressed, and too shy to ask for advances of money on the collections he conscientiously shipped back to Parà and England. He lived on what the museums gave him for the specimens—was it *4d.* a piece for beetles? I've forgotten, but the price was low—and always underestimated their value. He discovered more than 8,000 species new to science. Like Wallace's, his achievement as a writer was the manipulation of the enormous leafage of detail which science introduced into his subject. The literary traveller can get away with a large impression built on one or two facts; these naturalists had to include *all* the facts. Unlike so many of the scientific writers to whom humility is unknown, Bates understood that good writing, like good science, is a business of immense labour. He wrote and re-wrote *The Naturalist on the Amazons* (note the accurate plural of the title), and if Darwin—who had learned his own lessons about procrastination and preferring the wood to the trees—had not urged him on, he would never have finished the book. Bates was pretty well a self-educated and almost a one-book man. His Bible was Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. And though there was no trace of Gibbon in his writing, he learned order, proportion and lucidity from his master, and fortunately did not adopt his impersonality. The small man with the butterfly net who was reduced to the condition of the Indians at Ega, is always before our eyes, undemonstrative, vigilant and kindly, in his corner.

Both Bates and Wallace wrote their important treatises for the learned societies; in their books they did not write only about beetles, butterflies and monkeys. They remembered the people. They were naturalists of the whole scene. Their final attraction has something to do, of course, with the seriousness of their interest—they did not travel merely to write books, and both delayed the job for years—but it also has something to do with the nonchalant inefficiency of travel in those days, the dependence on friendship and family contacts. There is a sense of leisure, something agreeably private about the relationship with banks, shipping companies, consuls, merchants, agents, and so on. You stay in the house of the man who cashes your draft. He is a man with a family perhaps, not a unit in an organisation. People's business and domestic life is pleasantly intermingled. The famous cash nexus is smothered. Half the terror of the modern impersonal pressure of travel, is removed; a charm supervenes, though, in fact, real travel such as Bates did on the untouched Rio Negro (and even crossing the Atlantic by sail, too) was more dangerous and uncomfortable than it has been for ourselves.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE PRESIDENT IN ACTION

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They cover every sort and kind of event, the great Court fight, the conflict over T.V.A., the Spanish civil war, Munich, the third term issue, September, 1939, the fall of France, the slow education of the United States to the recognition that its own security is threatened by the portent of Nazism. They illustrate superbly the great range of duties the President must fulfil, from a message of good wishes to the Boy Scouts, through the entertainment of visiting royalty, to the persuasion of a difficult Congress and a complex public to the acceptance of that policy in which substance and not source determines the outcome. They show the President in every mood, grim and gay, angry and pleased, determined and uncertain, open and sphinx-like. If, from our angle, they have any defect, it is that their very form prevents us from measuring the influences which play about the White House. We have glimpses of his collaborators; we have no real clue to the part they play. Above all, we learn nothing of the authority of those *eminences grises* who, in the Presidential system, are so curious a mixture of the Court favourite and the influential civil servant.

But of the personality of the President himself there can be no sort of doubt. He is a Jeffersonian democrat, projected into the industrial age. Deeply religious, profoundly American, an aristocrat with that magnanimity of spirit which loathes cruelty and special privilege, he is less concerned with inferences from a system than with adaptation of intuitions. He is quick, vivid, agile, incisive, rather than profound. He is a born political strategist, feeling the moves of his enemy months ahead, always prepared for the tactical withdrawal, never losing hold of the supreme end of the campaign. He thinks in the terms in which his public naturally thinks, with the result that he has a unique power to put his issues before it in the language it understands; and he has the capacity to put them in that historical background which makes them relevant to the permanent principles of American history. He understands how much of popular thinking is done in concrete terms, and it is rare for him to define an issue without searching for the phrases which will grip the mind of the radio-listener. There is not an atom of evidence in these volumes which would justify the ascription to the President of either the Socialist outlook or the dictatorial habits of which his opponents have accused him. His political measures make him, if any label be sought for, a Liberal of the experimental school of Mr. Lloyd George; while his political habits show, as in his press conferences, a passionate faith in the urgency of educating public opinion. It hardly needs, indeed, to be said that no system is, by its inner nature, more inherently hostile to executive leadership than the American. The President's authority is likely to be large only where the atmosphere of crisis endows his recommendations with the force of something akin to natural compulsions.

On the main issues with which the President himself deals, it is not easy fully to accept all the inferences he draws. Certainly his defence of American acceptance of non-intervention in Spain will seem to most observers rather a pathetic surrender to the dubious hypotheses of an appeasing State Department than an understanding of the immense power America could have exerted if the President had thrown off the noxious influences, Catholic and financial, to which he yielded, and taken a resolute stand. He over-estimated, one may suspect, the political power of the Roman Church in the United States; and he under-estimated the degree to which the picture of the European scene painted for him by the diplomats of the State Department was coloured by their zeal for Franco. On the Court, of course, though he lost the battle he won the campaign. But I think there was gross under-estimation, in his mind, of the hold of the idea of the Supreme Court in public opinion, and he misjudged the time it takes to put over a novel and complicated scheme to an electorate of sixty millions which has not been seriously prepared for its reception. So, too, on the Congressional "purge" of 1938, one may venture to doubt whether he did not miscalculate the degree to which, except in a presidential year, the national issues will outweigh the sectional save in an untypical area like New York City. An American party, after all, is an alliance of persons rather than a configuration of ideas. The President, up to 1940, always had Mr. Farley's public loyalty. Did he ever have Mr. Farley's intellectual sympathy? Or Vice-President Garner's? Or that of Ex-Ambassador Kennedy?

For the British reader, the most fascinating pages in these volumes are those in which, from 1937 onwards, we watch the President massively educating his people to a grasp of what Hitlerism implies. It was an effort as sustained and as comprehensive as Mr. Churchill's campaign against "appeasement" in this country. It is not unlikely to take rank with the two or three supreme achievements in American history. Its technique is simple. The President relies upon the repetition of the simple truths that Hitlerism is aggressive, that it is brutal, that, as it spreads, it makes increasingly vulnerable all that is involved in the American way of life. It is to this campaign that the President owes his third term, as it was to his neglected prophecies that Mr. Churchill owes his premiership. In the face of great odds and immense dangers, he brought his people into the war in a unity they had never before known for supreme ends he has himself so supremely defined. Let us hope that the volumes which record the third term of his Presidency will record their triumph in a spirit worthy of the patience and determination that have gone to their making.

HAROLD J. LASKI

THE FALL OF FRANCE

Strictly Personal. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In 1940 Mr. Maugham wrote a book to tell us about the moral and material strength of the French. Now he has written another to tell us about their moral and material weakness. Goodness knows, I am not reproaching him: for one thing, I shared his illusions; and besides, when one has made a mistake, it is right and wise to make a clean breast of it. Most of us have forgotten too easily either that we opposed conscription or that we believed Munich meant peace.

"I wanted to be truthful," Mr. Maugham writes about his previous book, "and yet I was obliged to leave some of the truth unsaid." Looking back, he remembers incidents to which at the time, half unconsciously, he turned a blind eye.

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ROUTLEDGE

But he did believe firmly that France would and could hold. And to-day he writes:

> No one would go out of his way to confess that he had shewn lack of perspicacity and want of judgment. I have loved France; I have many friends in France; I have never received anything but kindness from Frenchmen; they have held me in honour, and if I am the sort of man I am it is due in great measure to French art, French literature and French civilisation. It is with grief, and without rancour, that I tell this story of confusion, self-seeking, pusillanimity and broken faith.

He proceeds to distribute blame pretty impartially among the rich, the Communists, the politicians, the General Staff and the general public.

> Democracy in the end depends on the virtue of the individual, and a democracy that is corrupt is doomed. No one who has not lived long in France can know how widespread was the corruption that existed in all classes of the population. There was a general decay of morality, an insane craving for pleasure, and a cynical contempt for honour.

I believe that Mr. Maugham, as is usual with the shocked and disillusioned lover, carries his indictment too far. Only a small class, I fancy, entertained an "insane craving for pleasure"—most Frenchmen while cultivating pleasure do not rush after it—but living on the coast between Nice and Monte Carlo Mr. Maugham had this class always before his eyes. Undeniably there was treachery, cowardice and, in the Government, a dishonourable neglect of solemn promises to their Ally; but France fell, as Malaya has fallen, as England would have fallen, if attacked in the summer of 1940, because there was not adequate equipment with which to resist. Most of the best troops had no opportunity to fight. We English, moreover, must never forget that it was a rearguard action by the French that made the Dunkirk evacuation possible.

Mr. Maugham has the candour to confess that he publicly condoned the vices that he now austerely denounces; for he counted among his intimate friends the most notorious gangster in France, Baron Carbuccia. He gives an interesting character-sketch of this gentleman (lightly disguised under the name of Bouche). A Corsican and the son-in-law of Chiappe, Carbuccia owned the newspaper *Gringoire*, was in the pay of Mussolini, and acted as a prime instigator of the class-war that chiefly caused the weakness of France. No man more richly deserves the guillotine. Novelists are apt to be interested in criminals, but Mr. Maugham carried his friendship so far as to publish his work in this newspaper, though it published anti-British articles of unsurpassable violence. Mr. Maugham, one is glad to see, ends his account of France with an expression of faith. The scum will be swept away, and men of integrity, patriotism and courage will then turn out the invader and restore France to her rightful place.

Strictly Personal, though so largely taken up with public events, does contain autobiographical matter to interest all of us who admire Mr. Maugham. He describes his house and garden, his thought of suicide when France fell, his method of preparing a book.

> I decided to do no work till I got to India, but to play till then with the ideas that wandered through my mind and get to know more intimately the creatures of my imagination who were to take part in my story. It is this portion of the novelist's activity that is wholly delightful; no labour is attached to it, and no responsibility; the easy, unsought exercise of the creative faculty fills him with exaltation, and the world of his invention is so real that it makes the real world somewhat shadowy and he can hardly bring himself to take it seriously. This world of his is so significant and so abundant that he is inclined to postpone and postpone again the day when by setting pen to paper he must break the spell and let his own private and complete world lose itself in the world common to all and sundry.

Occasionally Mr. Maugham departs from his philosophic detachment to pounce with cruelly feline paw upon some individual he has met. I wonder if Mrs. Chamberlain, for instance, entirely deserved the ten quietly murderous lines with which she is despatched.

Touching the controversy recently started in the *Times* by an artful mousetrap of a letter from Mr. A. L. Rowse, it is interesting that Mr. Maugham believes the public schools to have outlived their usefulness. He urges that all classes should be educated together, and hopes that in these circumstances "when they grow up, whatever their condition in after life, they will preserve the sense of the essential equality of all men which they learnt unconsciously at school."

In his admirable fiction Mr. Maugham has always been concerned with the vices of the good and the virtues of the bad. In his just insistence that all men are piebald, he has, I fancy, inclined to underestimate the differences that do still obtain between men of good will and the others. Though *Up at the Villa* repeated the old and enjoyable theme, his experience of the fall of France, which seems to have made him a more exacting moralist, may be expected to affect his future stories. His new book will be read with extreme interest not only by those to whom its grim subject is important, but by all concerned as writers or critics with English prose. For Mr. Maugham has developed a pellucid style and an art of narrative that very few of his contemporaries can equal.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

ORAL LITERATURE

Poetry and Prophecy. By N. KERSHAW CHADWICK. *Cambridge University Press.* *7s. 6d.*

> Among unlettered and backward peoples spiritual thought and its expression are largely of a traditional character, derived ultimately from the great centres of civilisation. Like ripples made by pebbles cast into a pond the waves of culture spread outwards from the great cultures of the past—Mesopotamia, Egypt, Etruria, Greece, China, and again in more recent periods—Rome, Persia, Arabia, India, Turkestan.

Such is Mrs. Chadwick's conclusion, "arrived at as the result of twenty years' research in oral literature," and here set forth in a "brief and condensed" form. She is thus a "multi-diffusionist," as opposed to "uni-diffusionists" such as Eliot Smith, who tended to derive the whole of culture from one original source, the Nile Valley. A diametrically opposite point of view was that of Strzygowski and his pupils, who laid stress on the debt of the great material civilisation to primitive, unlettered people. It looks at the beginning of the book as though she were going to take up a somewhat sceptical point of view about her seers and prophets. After speaking of the "gift of tongues" she says, "the whole matter is closely paralleled by the practice of the Lamas and Bon priests of Tibet, who in their incantations make use of corrupt Sanskrit formulae which they do not understand." There is nothing "occult" about the Tibetan use of Sanskrit. The formulae were brought from India in the seventh and eighth centuries and have been learnt by heart, ever since, by successive generations of Lamas. By speaking of a "parallel" Mrs. Chadwick seems to suggest that the shamans and wizards in various parts of the world, who speak in languages they are supposed not to know, have learned their formulae by heart just as the Tibetans do, and are in fact well-coached if unintelligent linguists rather than "seers."

Soon, however, it becomes clear that it is not all a question of normal intellectual training. The word "dissociation" crops up, though it is never defined, and we hear of "esoteric and exoteric" methods, of the "occult and the revealed." About diffusion the author, as we have seen, states her conclusions quite definitely. The title of the book would lead one to expect that she would do the same about prophecy and the other professedly supranormal activities of seers and shamans. But she contents herself (though not us) by throwing out mysterious hints about "knowledge which has been acquired by inspiration," "knowledge which has been revealed to the seer," and so forth. Mrs. Chadwick's defence would perhaps be that, though it is exceedingly difficult to establish any facts about supranormal gifts and faculties, we have no reason to assume that the senses of primitive people work exactly like our own, and we ought therefore to keep an open mind on the whole subject. It is indeed true that it is both tiresome and difficult to investigate abnormal phenomena, and perhaps never worth while. For one of the necessary conditions of their occurrence may well be a sympathetic environment; and occult phenomena seem to find investigation very unsympathetic. In any case, the book would have been more satisfactory if Mrs. Chadwick had either defined more closely her attitude towards "revelation" or confined herself to the simple mundane problems of her thesis. These problems are of the highest interest. Why, for example, do we find themes from the Gilgamesh Epic in the folk-lore of the Pacific? Are we to regard such an epic as a systematisation of folk-themes that existed already and had become world-wide owing to either culture-diffusion or independent psychological origin, or are we to regard a Gilgamesh motif in the Philippines as a last dwindling reverberation of a voice from Mesopotamia? And do ideas really travel about on their own, as Mrs. Chadwick generally assumes, or were they not rather by-products of new techniques, such as agriculture, cattle-raising, weaving, the potter's wheel and so on?

The book is a very learned one and covers a wide field. But the richest known oral literature of the world, that of the Ainus, though to some extent accessible in translation, is entirely neglected; and though China is represented by some interesting but not very relevant photographs of mystery-plays, Chinese oral literature is also ignored.

ARTHUR WALEY

MOSCOW '41

Moscow '41. By ALEXANDER WERTH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The perfect "foreign correspondent" would be a diplomatist, a spy and an autobiographer of genius rolled into one. Being a good copy-hound isn't enough (how much did the hounds sniff in Russia or Japan *before* the fighting?), and the quality of the autobiography is important because without it we get only news and interviews, stale long before they reach covers. How many reporting books have given away the reporter! He turns up at the place where the scent's hottest—Madrid 1935, Paris 1940, London or Dover for the blitz; he attends press conferences and chats with the Man in the Street (his taxi-driver); he hunts with other journalists, giving them the slip now and then to bring back a story of his own, and patting them on the back afterwards in print; flirtations, special car journeys, the label on the bottle as France falls, the Christian names of the great, the bomb that always drops next door, yearnings for a home town ("right now there will be bobolinks over the blue-grass"), the café hum and the cavalcade, and a fruity title to slap on everything—we have come to recognise the personal note of the journalist turned author. All he lacks is a root and the ability to raise writing-up into writing.

I don't know Mr. Werth's reputation with his fellow correspondents, but I do know that his books are different from theirs, and in a number of ways better. For one thing he loves the countries he reports. He isn't an American or an Englishman on the job, but an Anglo-Russian who has the strongest of ties here and in France; he is international rather than cosmopolitan. And he is intelligent and has views. And he absorbs culture as well as politics. During the many years when he was living and writing in Paris he may have been sometimes wrong, sometimes politically over-optimistic, but he gave us the only intimate portrait of France, and when the time came he wrote the clearest and most moving account of France's fall. The personal strain in his reporting is valuable because it gives him independence and lets in sympathies outside the journalist's round. After the French collapse he came back to London, survived the blitz, but gave it a miss as a page-filler, and left on July 3rd of last year for Moscow. The introduction to his Diary sketches a childhood in Russia—life in St. Petersburg, visits to the Donbass mines, school at the "German" Reformatskoie; twenty-seven years ago he had fallen in love at Kislovodsk in the Caucasus; Viasma (to be visited later on a tour of the front) was remembered as a place where they made gingerbread. There is a touch, then, of the sentimental journey in Mr. Werth's return, of political reconciliations (his father was a Liberal who went into exile), and because he is personally involved he can be spontaneous and critical in his admiration of the Russian people. What he found, during the months July to November, with Hitler's armies pushing nearer and nearer Moscow, is of a very great interest.

Mr. Werth uses again the diary form employed in his *Last Days of Paris;* later rewriting, he tells us, leaves first impressions and transient thoughts unaltered. A day-to-day notation suits him admirably, and even as he sits freezing in the aeroplane on the way out one feels his pores beginning to open. The picture of Moscow seeps into the reader from all directions. Moscow streets, with their gilt onion domes, their admixture of exhibition building and old shack, and here and there a new strength rising in architecture; people, from women tram drivers and a girl boot-black to the baby-faced press officer at the Foreign Office; a half-pound of pink *pastila*, or creams, costing 4 roubles; empty shop windows; boys bathing in the Moscow-Volga canal; cigarette shortage; Sunday in the crowded Ermitage Gardens, gay with posters and flowers and three theatres going full tilt; news of Hitler's drives against Smolensk, Leningrad, Kiev; 600,000 German-Ukrainians being moved further east; first air-raid alarms; talk in shelters, cinemas, the Metro, newspaper offices, ante-rooms; moonlight and the black-out; a performance of *Eugène Onegin*; tram-rides to the country; dinner with Cripps, quietly optimistic in a large room overlooking the Kremlin. That is the sort of cross-section in the early part of the diary, and afterwards one gets the raids, the Nazis pressing ever nearer, visits to the Stalin motor works, to the Smolensk front (nine days, brilliantly described), the arrival of the Beaver and his men, like a scene out of *Alice in Wonderland*, attempts to get to Leningrad, and a reminiscent voyage home on ice-cutter and warship.

There are interesting new lights in Mr. Werth's picture. The toughness, the efficiency and enthusiasm of the Russians, one knew or had taken for granted already. Less expected was the gay side to grimness. It was not merely Mr. Werth's temperament that led him to visit the theatres, parks, cinemas and concert-halls of Moscow. All these places of entertainment were crammed with soldiers and workpeople enjoying themselves, and the artistic standards were high. Three pages of the diary are given to a performance of *Eugène Onegin* (the news from the front that day had been bad):

> *Onegin:* it was all very lovely. The scenery and the costumes were all very "period," very 1820, and the country-house ball in the third act was treated with the appropriate Pushkin irony. As it was to us, before the Revolution, *Onegin* is still part of the young Russian's emotional equipment, almost a teacher of human conduct and a guide to emotional reaction. I think it quite possible, judging from the frantic enthusiasm of the young women in the audience, that flappers' love-letters, more or less modelled on Tatiana's, are still to be found in the Soviet Union to-day. Crude eroticism, which was fashionable in Russia for a few years in the '20's (wasn't it the same in England, for that matter, just about that time?), has undoubtedly, in recent years, given way to a much more emotional form of sex-relationship. . . . A Russian who had never read *Onegin* was like an Englishman who had never read *Hamlet*. . . .

The Muscovite of to-day is, in fact, a great deal less puritan and hidebound, and a great deal more intelligent, passionate, humorous, and attracted by the freedom of the mind, than priggish observers have led us to believe. Mr. Werth, after 24 years' absence and a revolution in which he had not shared, found himself almost immediately at home.

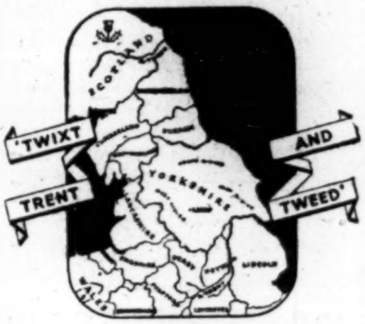
Russian misunderstanding and distrust of England were at first strong. It was one of Mr. Werth's aims, while he was getting to know people, to break down this mistrust, to insist (in conversation and in newspaper articles) on the likeness and sympathies between Stalin's Russia and Churchill's England. The air raids, the exploits of the R.A.F., the Harriman and Beaverbrook mission, brought the two peoples closer; and official propaganda with the same leaning grew with every week that Mr. Werth spent in the capital. In the first few days he was looked at askance by several people when they heard of his allegiance; before he left he found Englishness almost as good a passport as Russness. Is there a trace of "wishful thinking" here? Perhaps, but it is natural in the circumstances; it helps without blurring the picture. Mr. Werth succeeds in bringing Moscow as near to us as Paris.

G. W. STONIER

A GREAT ARTIST

Francois Mansart and the Origins of French Classical Architecture. By ANTHONY BLUNT. *Warburg Institute.* 15*s*.

French classical architecture has excited little attention in England. For that matter, even in France it has been strangely neglected, in comparison not only with Gothic, but with the Renaissance style. The visitor to Blois, for instance, is shown, at insufferable length, the earlier wings of the Castle, in which lavish nineteenth-century restoration has made a bad job worse, but he is hardly allowed inside the part designed by Mansart, which is the finest seventeenth-century building in the country and one of the supreme masterpieces of French architecture. One reason for this neglect is doubtless a vulgarity of taste inherited from the nineteenth century. The great public spontaneously admires a building in proportion to the elaboration and variety of its ornament, and the champions of the Gothic Revival—Viollet-le-Duc and Victor Hugo in France no less than Ruskin and Gilbert Scott here—helped to spread this plebeian heresy among practitioners and connoisseurs. The ingenious misuse of stone that characterises the flamboyant style will automatically extort from almost every Frenchman a rapturous cry of "C'est de la vraie dentelle," just as the visiting English, despatched in *autocars* from Azay-le-Rideau to Chambord, can be trusted to delight sincerely in these triumphs of parvenu pretentiousness. A second reason, I fancy, for the neglect of the French classical style is the unlucky pre-eminence of the Château of Versailles. Easy of access and historically fascinating, this colossal construction is the most familiar specimen of the style. It is also—apart from its gardens and certain details—the most infelicitous. As repetitive as the routine of the half-Austrian monarch who built it, as ostentatious as his youthful demeanour, as morose as his old age, the architecture of this palace is calculated to predispose every sensitive visitor against the idiom of which it is an example. Yet, if he perseveres through the noble park as far as the Petit Trianon, he perceives to what heights the classic style could



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be carried by a man of genius. The Petit Trianon not only is a superlative product of the eighteenth century, comparable to Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, but can, in my opinion, be ranked among the finest buildings in Europe. The great Romanesque and Gothic architects of France, the great Renaissance architects of Italy, like the architects of ancient Greece, Byzantium and Cairo, exhibited a scope of imagination to which Gabriel did not pretend. But refinement has hardly been carried further than it was by this consummate artist. And François Mansart, with few exemplars from which to learn, was his master, if not his equal.

Inigo Jones had no predecessors or rivals when he introduced to this country a version of the Italian style beautifully adapted by him to our light and climate. French architects, on the other hand, were already using the style with some understanding, if entirely without inspiration, when Mansart arrived to elevate French classic into a magnificent idiom, characteristically French in its refinement. Although born in 1598, a quarter of a century later than Jones, and in a country more exposed to Italian influence, Mansart was more conservative than the Englishman, retaining, for instance, the steep roofs traditional in France. (The mansard roof, named after him but invented before him, was a compromise between the precipitous roofs of the later Middle Ages and the low-pitched Italian roofs). It is astonishing to relate that he never visited Italy.

Yet the Val-de-Grace, his first capital work, is largely an exercise—revealing magnificent gifts—in the Counter-Reformation style, before this was transformed by Bernini into Baroque. He then worked on a number of Paris mansions, his chief triumph being a reconstruction of du Cerceau's Hôtel Carnavalet, which reveals all his virtues—grace and austerity, ingenuity and robustness, command of mass and delicacy in detail. The great wing he built on to Blois, worthy to house the noblest of men, was in fact designed for the mischievous, cowardly, feather-pated Gaston of Orleans. The plans for rebuilding the old castle remain—so does the castle, for Gaston's money gave out. Mansart's last great work was the Château of Maisons, which, with its broken roof-line, shows an odd reaction towards an earlier and picturesque style. It was his nephew, J.-H. Mansart, a contractor rather than an artist, who neglecting or misunderstanding his uncle's achievement, won the King's favour, built the greater part of Versailles, and developed in part the mechanically pompous style that we know as *Louis Quatorze*.

It may be thought that in this monograph Mr. Blunt over-emphasises the degree in which Mansart's environment influenced his style. Taine's exaggerated theories upon this matter are now again becoming fashionable, in slightly different guise, among the disciples of Marx. After all, a dozen other architects were working at the same time and in the same circumstances as Mansart, and it is his difference from them—his individual genius—that commands our interest and admiration. But in other respects his book is exemplary: scholarly, analytical, succinct, intelligently critical, and well illustrated with plans as well as elevations. Its production reflects the greatest credit upon the Warburg Institute.

SAINT-LOUP

We regret that a misprint in the review of Sir G. Leveson-Gower's *Years of Endeavour* made it appear that the letters printed in it were written by, instead of to, Lady Wenlock.

Week-end Competitions

No. 632

Set by J. Chardin

Newspapers and magazines have a pleasant habit of taking for motto a quotation from some famous writer. *The Edinburgh Review* took from Publius Syrus, "*Judex damnatur ubi noceus absolvitur*"; *John Bull* from Byron:

> "The world is a bundle of hay,
>   Mankind are the asses who pull;
>   Each tugs it a different way—
>   And the greatest of all is John Bull."

The usual prizes are offered for the quotation that would best suit *The New Statesman and Nation.*

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, March 23.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 629

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best clerihews about well-known characters in fiction. Competitors may send as many as they like.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Many entries suffered from over-ingeniousness, but here is a gay anthology. I recommend that the prizes be divided between Snomis, Alison Brothers, G. de Vavasour, Black King, Ronald Mason, Little Billee and A.D. The last of these is aged nine and received, I am assured, no help.

Mr. Collins' name
Was known to fame
For bread-and-butter letters
(And for buttering his betters).

Bottom the weaver
Played the gay deceiver.
But the cause of the commotion
Was the lad with the lotion.

Peter and Wendy are ever s'sweet,
And Nana barks a treat—
It takes the croc. and Hook
To save the book. (A.D.)

Was it folly
For Tom Jones to sleep with Molly,
And still aspire
To Sophia?

It took a lot to raise the hair
Of Jane Eyre;
She was quite unperturbed to find
Mr. Rochester blind. (Snomis)

Robinson Crusoe
Had too much to do. So
He asked Man Friday
To keep the place tidy.

Frederic Moreau
Had one great sorrow—
That apart from Mme. Dambreuse
His conquests weren't very nombreuses.
(Hardy Amies)

La Dame aux Camélias
Was a professional failure;
The story of her decease
Has been told by Dumas fils.
(Brian Hill)

Kipps
Associated fish with chips.
But what he liked mos'
Was buttered toas'.

Little Eva
Would have been a gift to Unilever:
Nothing like sweet simplicity
As publicity. (Floreat Vulgaribus)

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HOVIS
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I've always thought Sherlock Holmes' idea
Queer,
Of calling Dr. Watson a mere
" My dear." (K. A. Macmahon)

The fact that Dorian Gray
Could not remain permanently gay
Was a perpetual blot on
The life of Lord Henry Wotton.
(Paul Dehu)

Becky Sharp
Had no harp
To take to the party :
She was just a smartie.
(Richard Pomfret)

Costals
Was an inmate of several Borstals
For consistently telling the truth
Since his youth. (E. Marsh)

Fanny Price
Thought Miss Crawford was not very nice.
Her reasons for the opinion were two,
One being that it was true. (M. Snow)

Rosie in " Cakes and Ale "
Was beyond the pale.
One imagines her yawning
" Who are you ? " in the morning.

Defoe's Moll
Was a swell doll
Worth a job
In any mob. (W. H. G. Price)

Ulysses
Left his Mrs ;
Many-adjectived Homer
Sings this roamer.
(Bruce Campbell)

Odette
Was rather a pet,
But she wasn't very gone
On Swann. (E. Hibbert)

Raskolnikov
Got utterly sick of
Wondering if he'd done anything really shady
In bashing an old lady.

Mr. Midshipman Easy
Disliked being called " breezy,"
But kicked up a much greater shindy
If anyone called him " windy."

Peter Pan
Never grew to be man,
Yet managed to own
A rich baritone.
(" Little Billee ")

The death of Little Nell
(So Bret Harte's verses tell)
Filled the rugged miners with grief ;
But I found it a relief. (R. S. Jaffray)

Steerforth with his curls
Was most attractive to girls.
But could ever woman have wanted to sleep
With Uriah Heep ? (Willy Tadpole)

When Robert (for-whom-the-bell) Jordan
Was just going to bust up an enemy cordon,
A sudden shout deflected his aim :
" Go, Obscenity thyself, Thou ! I un-name ! "
(Bilirubin)

Mr. Shandy
Was handy
With his Nose
(One must suppose).
(" P. & W.")

" What I don't like,"
Said Smike,
" Is the way Mr. Squeers
Leers." (" Digglybones ")

" Je suis éprise,"
Dit Heloïse.
" Trop tard,"
Fit Abelard.

Quand Cyrano
Jouait du piano,
Se servait-il du nez
Sur les clefs ?

Madame Bovary
Trompait son mari
C'est la seule raison pour qu'on parle
De Charles. (" Black King ")

Girls ! Take a leaf
From the sad tale of Boule de Suif :
Beware of the cad,
And don't be " had." (R.C.O.)

It is rather nimsy
Of Lord Peter Wimsey
To be so gone
On Donne.

I cannot endure
Jude the Obscure ;
And I could do with less
Of Tess. (Towanbucket)

If I had been
Albertine,
I'd have *disparue*
Too.

You would never guess,
But the art of Miss Dorothy S.
Is now concerned with a person completer
Than Lord Peter. (Ronald Mason)

Amelia Sedley
Strikes most of us as rather deadly,
But William Dobbin thought her a puss ;
De gustibus. (Pibwob)

Mr. Squeers
Used to reduce the boys to tears ;
Very different, I feel,
From Mr. A. S. Neill.

I have nothing to do
With Winnie the Pooh.
But Peter Rabbit
Is still a habit.

I spent some most enjoyable nights
At Wuthering Heights ;
Heathcliff was al-most
The perfect host. (Alison Brothers)

Falstaff
Can make you laugh ;
But so can the Marx Brothers,
And several others.

Anna Karenin
When her charms were wanin',
Drove to the station
In extreme perturbation. (F.C.C.)

Manon Lescaut
Liked lunching *al fresco* ;
That sort of spree
Was just her cup of tea. (Gwen Marsh

Jupiter, we are told,
Appeared to Danae as a shower of gold.
Who said that people in mythology
Knew nothing of psychology ?

The Victorian training of Flush
Must have caused him at times to blush,
Or at least, not to view without frowning,
The advances of Mr. Browning.

Though Mr. Nosnibor
Was a business man, not an éuor,
Many citizens who read Erewhon
Were both dessertsid and dessulpnon.
(G. de Vavasour)

I doubt if little Eric
Had heard of Mrs. Merrick,
Or if that lady in her glory
Had ever heard his saintly story.
(Sir Robert Witt)

Mrs. Sarah Gamp
Was *not* " the Lady with the Lamp " ;
Her idea of Hygiene
Would have been Dry Gin. (William Bliss)

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

REVISED CONTROL AGREEMENT

The annual general meeting of the Great Western Railway Company was held on Wednesday in London.

Sir Charles J. Hambro, K.B.E., M.C. (the chairman), said that the net revenue for the year amounted to £6,931,767, of which £6,670,603 was their fixed annual payment under the revised financial arrangement with H.M. Government. The balance of £261,164 represented the net income from sources not coming within the scope of the fixed payment. The balance brought forward from last year amounted to £289,129, and after allowing for an appropriation of £250,000 to the Contingency Fund, it was proposed that a dividend of £2 10s. be paid on the Consolidated Ordinary stock for the half-year to December 31 last, making £4 per cent. for the year. The Contingency Fund now amounted to £4,069,095. That was a free reserve and was available to meet any abnormal position that might arise.

A year ago he had told stockholders of the intimation which had been given by the Government that some modification of the financial arrangements then in operation would be necessary on account of the War Damage Compensation proposals of the Government. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had also referred to the desire of the Exchequer to avert further increases in railway rates and fares with a view to checking the upward movement in prices. In the negotiations which followed the Government indicated their desire that the new basis should be a fixed annual payment to the companies and the London Passenger Transport Board.

After taking all factors into consideration they had decided to accept the Government's final offer of an annual payment to the four Main Line Companies and the London Passenger Transport Board of £43,000,000. The Great Western Railway share was £6,670,603. In the view of the directors the offer finally made by the Government, while not generous, could not be regarded as unfair to the stockholders, if full recognition was given to the national interests.

It was not permissible for him to give any account of their activities during the past year, or of the steps which they had taken to overcome their difficulties, but he might say the demands upon them were becoming increasingly heavy, and that they were bearing a very large share of the burden which had fallen upon all sections of the transport industry throughout the country. The priority rightly given to requirements of the Services and essential industries had made it impossible for them to provide an adequate or satisfactory service for their passengers, and he regretted that many travellers on their system had from time to time suffered considerable inconvenience from delays to their trains and overcrowding. In present circumstances he was afraid there was little prospect of their being able to provide improved facilities, and it might even become necessary further to curtail their passenger services in the national interest. He could assure stockholders, however, that so far as the matter lay in their hands, they were fully alive to the position, and were making, and would continue to make, every endeavour to provide as good a service as possible.

The report was adopted.

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